Next Month

and later

MINNESOTA'S POLITICAL PRODIGY
Isabel Hensen Masters

All over the country, feverish Republicans are digging frantically for likely Republican politicians who might conceivably, someday, lead the G. O. P. back to its one-time national pre-eminence. Thirty-one-year-old Harold Edward Stassen, Governor of Minnesota, is one of the most promising of these "white hopes." Here a fellow Minnesotan gives him the once-over.

IN MEDIEVAL JERSEY
J. L. Brown

You probably never heard of the Society for the Establishment of Useful Manufactures. In that case you will be surprised to learn that it is a corporation (familiarly known as the SUM) which owns some four million dollars' worth of real estate in northern New Jersey, which has been operating tax-free (!) under a special State charter since 1790, and which is so powerful that it has charged certain New Jersey cities sums ranging up to a million dollars for the privilege of using the natural waters of that part of the State for public purposes. This fabulous monopoly has paid dividends of 120 per cent and more to its owners, yet contributes exactly nothing to anybody else.

A COUNTRY BOY GOES HOME
R. Havelock-Bailie

Remembering the sunny side of his backwoods boyhood in the Ozark hills, a man who has taken a licking in the complicated civilization of modern business goes back to the mountains to remake his life from the ground up.

WHAT PULLS YOUR STRINGS?
Winfred Rhoades

Winfred Rhoades contributes another of his helpful articles on personal psychology, prying into the recesses of the mind to find out why men and women wreck their lives by failing to recognize the true causes and motives of their own behavior.

EASTWARD THE STAR OF REFORM
Oswald Garrison Villard

A dean of American liberalism surveys political events of recent years with a long eye and attempts an estimate of the eventual place of the New Deal among the American movements of political reform which preceded Roosevelt II.

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Travel Briefs

by **HARRY J. PRICE**

If it has done nothing more, the personal victory of Britain's King George and Queen Elizabeth on their triumphal tour from Quebec to Vancouver and east to Washington has served to throw into a well-deserved limelight that giant Dominion to the north of us.

While most scribblers were prone to emphasize the fact that the Canadian Pacific liner, *Empress of Australia*, on which the King and Queen voyaged, was a former German vessel (as if that fact were of paramount importance to the royal tour), we thought the choice of this famous ship was a great gesture to draw attention to the vast size of Canada's transportation system.

You can circle the globe, for example, on the Canadian Pacific system and never leave the property — trains, hotels, and vessels — of the C.P. And the Canadian National, in addition to operating its famed trans-Canada railroad system, covers the Caribbean and the Lesser Antilles to the north coast of South America with fast, comfortable liners especially built for tropical voyaging.

These latter are the famous "Lady" boats — *Lady Nelson*, *Lady Rodney*, and *Lady Drake;* and from Montreal and Quebec to Boston, Bermuda, Nassau, Jamaica, St. Lucia, St. Kitts, Nevis, the Barbados, and Trinidad their gleaming white hulls and blue-and-white funnels are a fond and familiar sight to travelers.

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If you're looking for a "different" way of visiting the San Francisco and New York fairs this summer, what better suggestion for a new route than via Canada?

One article — or a hundred, for that matter — couldn't convey to you the delights of Canada's scenic grandeur or of her perfect blending of the Old and New Worlds in cities, people, and customs. A description of the pleasures awaiting the visitor to the St. Lawrence, the Province of Quebec, the Saguenay, or the Gaspé alone would fill pages; and so also would any attempt to cover even briefly Ontario, the Thousand Islands, the Rockies, Banff, British Columbia, or Vancouver.

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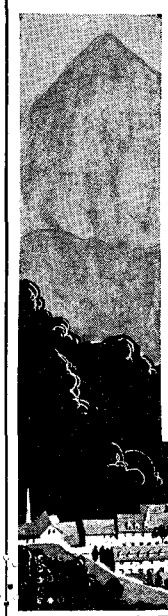

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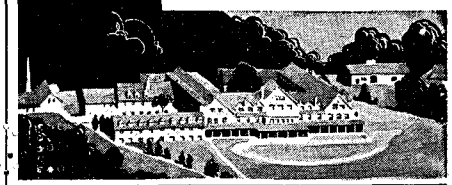

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THE BOOK FORUM

Fiction Review

THE GRAPES OF WRATH — John Steinbeck (Viking, $2.75).

THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH — Waldo Frank (Doubleday, Doran, $2.75).

THE HEROES — Millen Brand (Simon & Schuster, $2.00).

WICKFORD POINT — John P. Marquand (Little, Brown, $2.75).

THE HOLY TERROR — H. G. Wells (Simon & Schuster, $2.75).

SEASONED TIMBER — Dorothy Canfield (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50).

WINE OF GOOD HOPE — David Rame (Macmillan, $2.50).

THE STRICKLANDS — Edward Lanham (Little, Brown, $2.50).

FULL HARVEST — Dora Aydelotte (Appleton-Century, $2.00).

THE POWER HOUSE — Benjamin Appel (Dutton, $3.00).

THE MIDAS TOUCH — Margaret Kennedy (Random House, $2.50).

THIS has been a vintage year for novels, particularly novels about our nervous, tugging present days. There's a summer's fiction reading at hand that at last measures up to *Personal History* and Paul de Kruif's books and *Red Star Over China.*

First on any list comes *The Grapes of Wrath,* John Steinbeck's magnificent story of dispossessed Oklahoma farmers and their search for new beginnings in California.

The Joad family, a healthy, lusty, cussing lot of Oklahomans came across the desert believing that in a little while they could earn enough by picking fruit to get an orchard of their own and a little white house. But they found that two or three hundred thousand others had the same idea — a small nation of people driven off the land, a human tide washing up and down the highways from orange grove to cotton field, looking for work, any work, to feed their children and put gas in the jalopies that are their only homes. The Joads got hungrier and more puzzled. They were pushed around by cops and deputies, and that made them mad. And finally they began to ask why — why can't seven willing pairs of hands fill seven stomachs in the fattest land on earth?

The answer, large and portentous, is part of the story but not all of it. There is humor, too, and pathos and love and fine yarn-spinning. Mr. Steinbeck has written the kind of novel that touches you with an almost personal pride, because it is so exactly what you want to see written.

WALDO FRANK believes that we, among all peoples, have a capacity to build a new world. We are born changers and creators, and the reason lies partly in our Puritan tradition. This is the theme in *The Bridegroom Cometh,* a story of modern puritanism and change.

Mary Donald was reared in the most deadly New England piety, and she moves through the whole pattern of devout faith, rebellion, and the beginning of a new devotion. But, because Mr. Frank is a great craftsman, the pattern stays subordinate to his characters. Mary, her family, her husband, her expanding world have extraordinary vitality.

THE quality of gentleness that distinguished Millen Brand's first novel, *The Outward Room,* pervades his second, *The Heroes.* Here again are people who live in a world shut off from the rest of mankind — war veterans in a soldiers' home. Mockingly they call themselves "heroes," now trying to conquer their little tempers and their narrow despair. With all the irony of its title, this is a story free of rancor. The dreams and the fortitude of plain people make up its substance and stay with you for a long time.

AS good as a surf dive is *Wickford Point,* by John P. Marquand — better, maybe, because it lasts longer. Anyway, it is cool and salty satire and excellent entertainment. In it you meet the Brills, once a mighty family of seafarers, who have gradually shucked off everything except their pretentions. At them and their satellites Mr. Marquand does some witty dart throwing, telling at the same time a story that rolls along in the best smooth-paper-magazine tradition.

PROBABLY the least profitable thing an ordinary citizen can do is take time off from being indignant at the dictators to try and figure out what makes them tick. So H. G. Wells has done it for you in *The Holy Terror.* His picture of how and why the rulers rule in the Second World War makes your hackles rise and also keeps you fascinated. It's all so reasonably preposterous and so likely. It is almost as clever as Saki's story of how the Kaiser conquered England — and a good deal meatier.

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The Book Forum

FORTHRIGHT and responsible novelist that she is, Dorothy Canfield translates, in *Seasoned Timber*, a world problem into homely, familiar terms. Her scene is a little Vermont town where Timothy Hulme, principal of an academy for boys and girls, is about to reach out toward happiness and love. Then suddenly the question of anti-Semitism is deliberately, maliciously raised by a wealthy trustee of the academy, who leaves his fortune to the school provided it will bar Jews and abandon the whole democratic tradition that the town has sturdily built up.

Timothy stands firm and, with him, a group of hard-headed, independent Vermonters. Their struggle with easy, unthinking intolerance is a warning and a prophecy and a hope. Timothy's own story of sacrifice and heartbreak flows in and out of the narrative, making it full. This is no flat parable Dorothy Canfield has written. It is a fine, strong, rounded novel, enriched with her learning and her keen sense of what stirs men's hearts and minds.

DAVID RAME is a talented young South African who gives, in *Wine of Good Hope*, a singularly appealing picture of his homeland. Although the scene shifts to other parts of the world, the rich vineyard country of the Cape is a persistent background to the life of young Tony Lemaire, who wanders in search of his missing father to strange, violent places. Love and family conflicts and adventure make up the tale, which has about it a very pleasant mixture of innocence and sophistication.

WE'VE been waiting to throw our cap over the mill for Edwin Lanham and now we can do it. *The Stricklands* is a grand book.

There was old Crosby Strickland who cradled his corn whisky high in a treetop while it aged; his son Pat, gentle and careless and always in a fix that wasn't exactly of his own making; Pat's gallant wife, Belle; and the other son, Jay, patient, heroic, intent on organizing and prodding the Oklahoma tenant farmers out of their isolated wretchedness.

Shrewdly, Mr. Lanham has focused the action in Pat, while making the essential story — the strength and tragedy and hope — all Jay's. The result is something so close to reality you almost believe you saw it in the headlines. Pat is arrested as a bank robber, escapes from jail, is pursued across two States, is nearly trapped again and again. Jay, meanwhile, keeps working and building a thing that is fine and solid for others, even out of his own sorrows and loss.

GOOD old-fashioned hammock reading is *Full Harvest*, by Dora Aydelotte, a story of farm life in horse-and-buggy days. The savor and bustle of a Ladies' Aid picnic, the country school, and a little girl in love with the teacher begin the chronicle of the Miller family. There is an interlude in town, where plush sofa, tasseled lambrequin and a "throw" for the piano can't convert Pa Miller into a businessman. Farming is in his bones, and with the farm again the cycle ends. This is as authentic Americana as the whatnot or the family photograph album.

ONE of New York's slums bears the descriptive name of Hell's Kitchen. Its poverty and crime, its peculiar jargon, and its terrible vitality are the stuff Benjamin Appel has made into novels — but never with such effect as in *The Power House*.

The story is of Bill Trent and his progress from petty crook to "big shot" of a strikebreaking gang that is part of the political-criminal machine, the "power house." Through all his activities in New York and in the steel town where he takes his finks to break the union, Trent unrolls a fantastic, gruesome, but always credible picture of an organized underworld. There is an almost unbearable tension in the book and a compassion that carries it far beyond the reach of merely hard-boiled writing.

THE kind of English novel that makes you tingle with its cleverness is Margaret Kennedy's *The Midas Touch*. It follows the adventures of a young man who could sell anything to anybody, a genius with a flair for getting into odd situations. The oddest of all is his association with the great financier who is his father, though neither one knows of the kinship. Things are complicated by a phony clairvoyant and a lot of other more pleasant characters.

Other Titles for Your Summer Reading

The Tree of Liberty, by Elizabeth Page (Farrar & Rinehart, $3.00). Early America seen in the adventures of a Virginia family during the Revolution and through the days of Thomas Jefferson's struggle to preserve the democratic ideal. A historical novel that makes its ideas as exciting as its action.

Night Rider, by Robert Penn Warren (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50). A brilliant first novel, with a brand-new background — the great tobacco war, when Kentucky farmers fought with fire and arms against the buyers' price manipulation.

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The Middle Window, by Elizabeth Goudge (Coward-McCann, $2.50). A romantic tale of the Scottish Highlands, now and two hundred years ago — deft and charming.

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Tryst, by Elswyth Thane (Harcourt, Brace, $2.00). A ghost story but one that, swelp us, goes down like velvet. Also love and an ancient house and a secret agent.

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Fiesta in Manhattan, by Charles Kaufman (Morrow, $2.50). The misadventures of two guileless Mexican musicians in New York. Excellent picture of the Spanish-speaking section of Harlem.

The Night Is Coming, by Marthedith Furnas (Harper, $2.50). Portrait, on a big canvas, of a remarkable woman in the days when the Middle West was growing up.

Jubal Troop, by Paul I. Wellman (Carrick & Evans, $2.75). Adventures with a Paul Bunyan flavor of a man who had a fling at everything the Old West had to offer. Brisk and easy to take.

Beware of Pity, by Stefan Zweig (Viking, $2.50). Big-scale drama in which a man finds he has made a girl fall in love with him when all he intended was kindness. Set in prewar Austria.

Straws in Amber, by Naomi Jacob (Macmillan, $2.50). The stage, its romance and its seamy side, told in the career of two engaging comedians.

M. L. ELTING

So they say—

I wish to commend you for writing the inspiring editorial, "Was Lincoln a Democrat?" which appeared in the February issue of THE FORUM.

It is a wonderfully written document that expresses nobly the true aims of a Democracy.

Allow me to say also that I consider your magazine well written and edited throughout and a credit to American journalism. I read it at the University both for pleasure and education.

— HAROLD LEVINSON
Kent State University
Kent, Ohio

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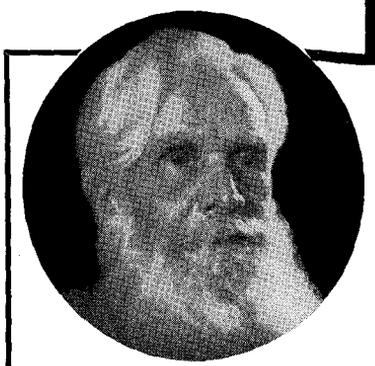

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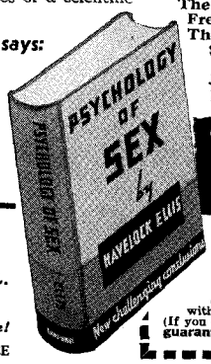

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Clean Up, America!

Editorial Foreword

NOT THE LEAST STRIKING impression that visitors carry away from the World's Fair in New York is urban cleanliness. Nowhere else in the United States are there so many streets free of refuse and litter. However dirty and unkempt and heaped with ashes, junked cars, or broken bottles the railroad approaches to the Fair may be, within the barriers all is clean and in order. Within the Fair one sees no crumpled newspapers, no empty tin cans, no scrawny cats perched on parapets; not one of the ten thousand flowers that bloom in the borders is plucked. We hope that the World of Tomorrow may indeed be a world where people have time to put away their litter.

We of New York are already somewhat familiar with the possibilities of cleanliness in our public places, if not in our private back yards.

Now for several years Park Commissioner Moses has given us the demonstration of Jones Beach, our palatial public bathing club, and the beautiful parkways that lead to it. The saga of the day Jones Beach was opened, of the aged lady who was fined five dollars for leaving a newspaper on the sand, has left a profound impression on the public.

In New York City also, Park Avenue in recent years has assumed the reposeful outlines of a Paris or a Stockholm. The Department of Sanitation has posted its appeals for a clean city and put out its seductive wire baskets; several private cleanliness associations have sprung up; and, only the other day, the press published a photograph of a society matron with a broom sweeping up the leftovers from a flower market in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral.

JUNK HEAPS

HERE AND THERE, in other parts of the country, the consciousness of cleanup is making the United States look to a foreigner less like a vast public dump or gigantic back yard. Antibillboard associations in some States have made a visible inroad on the monstrous signs that prevent tourists from seeing the beauties of nature.

But the junk heaps that litter the approaches to most small towns persist, as well as the dumps of dead autos that pile up on any bit of wasteland. Nor does the ugliness of the average filling station and refreshment stand engender a spirit of orderliness in a people surrounded by such lesions of civilization. And our railroads do not help. The dinginess of the typical wayside railroad station is a shocking contrast to stations in England and Scandinavia, swept and freshly painted and fringed with flower beds. What irony that a people as smart and meticulous in dress and personal habits as Americans should have such a blind

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spot when it comes to neatness on a public scale!

The propaganda of order in little things has not yet permeated our private lives. By and large, cigarette stumps and crumpled newspapers are the most conspicuous adornments of our interiors. Periods of unemployment, like the present, however, are good times to cultivate the game of cleanliness. Those who occupy spare time folding newspapers, straightening pictures, putting books back on shelves, or sweeping the sidewalk find it a not unpleasant diversion.

Why is it that no other so-called civilized country has so few scrap baskets per home as the United States? Why is it that no other civilized country has so few flowerpots per capita in its public parks? The answer is obscure, but there probably is an answer.

An American park official who recently made a tour of the public parks of the South American countries found flowerpots in profusion — and delicate statuary and ironwork. In the United States our vigorous youth would make short work of such objects by utilizing them as projectiles. Such embellishments must be anchored or policed. In South America not an officer is in sight. Yet there are as many thieves and scoundrels per capita in those countries as in the United States. One answer is that the populace there regards the parks as its property, paid for by its taxes, and takes a personal pride in protecting them, whereas in the United States taxes and what they buy are something remote, and parks are larks of the politicians.

Now, in Europe there is a general joy of order in personal habits, in public as well as private places — with the possible exception of Great Britain.

One of the most amusing essays of that British wit, Jerome K. Jerome, is a satire on the sense of order in German parks. It never occurs to the toughest German urchin to disobey a sign. Jerome describes a German beetle, removed from the grass where it was forbidden, which walked away down the gravel path toward the sign AUSGANG as fast as its short legs could carry it, ashamed of being caught trespassing on anything so precious and beautiful as public grass. Give us, we exclaim, after reading this essay, the destructive carelessness of British boys and girls!

British parks after a bank holiday are said to be almost as disorderly and littered as Central Park in New York before the advent of Commissioner Moses. The answer is a dusty answer, but perhaps disorder in little things is a characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon races on all continents, a by-product of rugged but careless individualism in our pioneer days.

In the United States any attempt to make us tidier is likely to be taken as an attack on our liberties, a tendency toward regimentation. As though a pianist could improvise better on broken and smudgy keys of various shapes and colors!

There is nothing inherently un-American about meticulous order in small things. When we do practice tidiness, we enjoy it as thoroughly as children playing a game. The sturdy members of the Appalachian Mountain Club who frequent the mountain trails from Maine to Georgia are neither a regimented nor a fastidious fraternity. They can sleep soundly in khaki on pine needles or on loads of hay. But they leave no litter. If a member absent-mindedly throws an orange peel into the woods, another member leaps to pick it up for him. After breakfast, every empty can is pounded flat and buried a foot under a rock before camp breaks up. In the Adirondack Mountains, it has been said that when a novice hiker from New York City spends a night in a lean-to, it takes two forest rangers a day to clean up after him. But, when a dozen "Appalachians" camp for the night along an Adirondack trail, only an expert with a magnifying lens can distinguish where they pitched their tents.

Depressions and periods of unemployment are good times to practice the arts of cleaning up. When recovery rushes in on us again, we may not have time to find ash trays for our cigarette stubs.

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

"America the Beautiful" need not be only the America of diving girls, skyscrapers, fertile fields, broad rivers, and lofty mountains — but America the Beautiful, land of order and harmony in little things, where every yard and pavement is a park in miniature and every home, however small, a palace.

Henry Goddard Leach

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You Can Make Your Government Save

by **WILLIAM HARD**

I BEGIN HERE to try to interest the home-town citizen in governmental economy as far away as Washington, D. C. I hope to be able to show him that economy by Washington must begin in his own home town.

The question is not a partisan one. The Republicans began our present experiment in extravagance.

In the fiscal year 1927, our national governmental expenditures were a bit under $3,000,000,000. In 1929, the depression arrived. In the fiscal year 1932, the Republicans raised expenditures to $4,500,000,000.

In 1933 we got the Democrats. They at first intended to reverse the Republicans and go in for economy.

But what happened? Some people say that the President listened to "theorists" who wanted "spending for recovery." He did. But there is a much more powerful explanation than that.

The citizens were at that time demanding spending. I was in Washington. I saw and heard their representatives. I saw and read big heaps of their letters and telegrams. They had never heard of John Maynard Keynes or other spending-for-recovery "theorists." They knew simply that business was bad. Thereupon — butcher and baker and candlestick maker — they demanded spending to help business and give employment.

The Democrats decided that, if they were going to do it, they would do it right. In the fiscal year 1934, they spent $6,000,000,000. In the fiscal year 1936, they spent $8,500,000,000. In this current fiscal year of 1939, they are spending $9,500,000,000.

And the depression seems to like it. We have more unemployed today than we had four years ago. We have more people on relief and work relief and unemployment relief today than we had four years ago.

Why? I say it is because of certain things that we have done to capital. And I say that governmental spending turns out to be one of the worst of those things.

It takes at least $4,000 of capital to equip a job for a worker.

In 1928, new capital was going into private enterprise at an average monthly rate of $446,000,000. Last year, the average monthly rate was less than $70,000,000. That was not enough to modernize the equipment of the workers now working. It represented a minus quantity for really new equipment for really new workers.

In 1928, 75 per cent of our new capital went into private enterprise, and 25 per cent of it into governmental expenditures. Last year, less than 20 per cent of it went into private enterprise, and more than 80 per cent of it into governmental expenditures. Twenty per cent into jobs which *produce* the wherewithal to pay taxes! Eighty per cent into jobs which *consume* taxes!

There is only one end to such a road. It is a government apparently richer and richer and a population actually poorer and poorer.

THE ADDING MACHINE BROKE DOWN

MOST CITIZENS really see that fact today. The polls of public sentiment show that most citizens have now gone over from favoring extravagance to favoring economy. But why then does economy fail to happen?

The chief reason is that the citizens, though favoring economy in the polls, uniformly fail to *demand* economy of their representatives in Washington. And, particularly, they fail to demand it in the case of one huge item of gov-

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ernment expense that concerns them directly in their own home towns.

That item is the $1,250,000,000 dollars we are spending annually for public works.

I pass over the other billions being spent — to relieve the plight of the unemployed, of the farmers, of war veterans. The possibility of savings here — of eliminating graft, inefficiency, extravagance — has been repeatedly urged and widely discussed. But here, since we are dealing with human needs and suffering, economies must be achieved gradually, discriminatingly.

Not so with public works. Here is spending at its purest. These expenditures are not aimed with any directness or marksmanship at citizens in distress. They are aimed in blunderbuss fashion at citizens in general and at large. We need no discriminating surgical instrument to cut these expenditures down. We can cut them down with an ax. And we, the citizens, have it in our power to do it promptly by our own action.

I say so with humility. I believed once in public works for recovery's sake. I can see now that they are not helping. I am cured. Here is the cure:

Public-works expenditures, 1931: $421,000,000; 1933: $472,000,000; 1935: $766,000,000; 1937: $1,100,000,000; 1939: $1,250,000,000.

Faster and faster to nowhere. In nine years now we have spent approximately $7,000,000,000 in public works — and recovery is still behind the clouds. And that figure does not include the Works Progress Administration. It includes only nonrelief public works.

There may be something to looking for a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow; but I am sadly driven to think that there is nothing at all to planting a pot of gold and then expecting the rainbow.

I suggest earnestly that the citizen's first duty in federal governmental economy is to unplant that pot of gold — right in his own locality.

Mobbing the Trough

I will now detail the contents of the public-works pot.

1. Federal aid to public roads — estimated expenditures this year: $232,000,000.

This aid covers the country like a drizzle. At first it extended only to roads *between* municipalities. Now it extends also — in millions of dollars a year — to roads *within* municipalities.

Till lately it extended only to *main* roads. Now it extends also to *feeder* roads. Last year, for feeder roads: $5,000,000; this year: $20,000,000; next year: $25,000,000.

Till lately it did not extend to the elimination of local grade crossings. Now it does. Last year, for grade crossings: $10,000,000; this year: $40,000,000; next year: $50,000,000.

I should like to see a letter to a Congressman from a local chamber of commerce saying: "We will improve the pavements of our town or we will leave them unimproved; but we want the federal Treasury to start going solvent."

It would shake the Capitol from cellar to dome.

2. Rivers-and-harbors improvements — estimated expenditures this year: $83,000,000.

These expenditures range from $10,000,000 for the Fort Peck Dam, in Montana, to $4,300 for Cypress Creek, in Maryland. They cover some 168 projects in — or affecting — thirty-six States. Only twelve States are left out.

When the improving of a stream is complete, then comes the maintaining of the improvement. This year, besides spending $83,000,000 on improvements, we are spending $43,000,000 on maintenance.

There is always the Ocmulgee River, for instance. It is in Georgia. For a hundred miles from its mouth it is as much as two feet deep. We began improving it more than half a century ago. Every year we now spend several thousand dollars maintaining it. In the last full year of record, it carried 5,000 tons of freight, to a total value of $15,000.

We used to improve only navigable streams. Then we began to remove snags from tributaries to navigable streams. We limited the cost to $1,000 per year per tributary. The new rivers-and-harbors bill, just introduced into the Congress, proposes to raise that limit to $3,000 per tributary.

Never yet has any Congressman received a petition from citizens resident on the banks of a tributary saying: "We can remove our own snags from our own sub-sub-creeks."

Some of these rivers-and-harbors improvements are purely political. Some are commercially necessary. Others, while not necessary, are worthy. I could concoct worthy projects to improve various transportation

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facilities that would cost this country a billion dollars a year, if only we could afford it.

The National Economy League uttered a solemn truth the other day. It said that the problem was not merely "wastes." It said: "If we really want governmental economy, there are many expenditures for worthy purposes that will have to be drastically curtailed."

3. Flood control — estimated expenditures this year: $98,000,000.

A worthy purpose indeed. And watch it grow!

For flood control in 1932: $28,000,000; in 1938: $61,000,000; this year: $98,000,000.

The federal government was at first asked to control interstate floods. Now it has to control them wholly within States or even wholly within counties.

This year we are spending $11,600,000 of federal money on flood control in California, wholly within Los Angeles county. That project, before it is finished, will cost $70,000,000.

Then there are also little projects, as, for instance, $15,000 this year to control floods at Penny Slough, on the Rock River, in Illinois.

Our projects this year for flood control at federal expense are distributed to some 131 spots in thirty-six States. I said that twelve States this year are left out of rivers-and-harbors improvement projects. Eight of them are embraced in flood-control projects. That leaves only four now really out in the cold.

4. Reclamation — estimated expenditures this year: $93,000,000.

Another worthy purpose — very worthy. But is this just the time for so much of it?

In 1933, we began paying farmers to remove land *from* cultivation. Ever since then, we have spent more and more money every year on reclamation projects in arid and semiarid regions, to bring land *into* cultivation, as follows: in 1934, $25,000,000; in 1938, $65,000,000; in 1939, $93,000,000.

The Bureau of Reclamation says: "Reclamation projects now being constructed will add 2,500,000 acres to our cultivated area."

The Bureau reclaims an acre from the desert. A farmer plants it to sugar beets. The AAA pays him for not growing too many. Thus we arrive at a perpetual circular motion of expense. Couldn't we slow it up just a bit?

I shed a tear a few paragraphs back for the four States that this year get neither rivers-and-harbors improvement projects nor flood-control projects. I can now stop weeping for them. All four are blessed with reclamation projects. Our federal government this year is doing something — something — for the waters of all forty-eight States. This shows that congressmen are efficient. It even more conclusively shows that constituents who want expenditures make themselves heard.

5. Federal public buildings — estimated expenditures this year: $60,000,000, in more than seven hundred American cities and villages.

6. Grants to local governments for structures wholly nonfederal, wholly local — estimated expenditures this year: $392,000,000.

These projects in forty-eight States cover pretty nearly the whole possible range of local public cultural aspiration: grants for school buildings, dormitories, zoos; for hospitals, laboratories, nurses' homes; for viaducts, street lights, traffic signals; for police stations and jails; for sewers, water mains, drains; for bird farms and fish hatcheries; for gymnasiums, stadiums, bathhouses, swimming pools, parks, country clubs.

The Public Works Administration does not have to wrestle with citizens to accept these gifts. The citizens wrestle with the Public Works Administration to get them. The citizens' latest list of "applications" covers 5,807 proposed projects which would cost $778,163,800.

I note Monroe County, New York. It is a strong Republican county. Its big city, Rochester, is already getting a grant of $400,000 for a sewer.

But is Rochester satisfied? Are its surrounding communities satisfied. They are not.

Rochester now wants a grant of $1,233,121 for a city hall. Henrietta wants $148,500 for a school. Honeoye Falls wants $53,100 to improve its streets. Irondequoit wants $54,000 for a town hall. Fairport wants $17,659 for an incinerator.

I said at the start that this is not a partisan question. I say it again. Republican localities are just as voracious for federal funds as Democratic localities.

Let the Government Do It

THIS CONCLUDES the contents of the public-works pot of gold.

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The trouble with these expenditures is not "waste" in their administration. The true trouble is the expenditures themselves. The true trouble is the tendency to go to Washington and strike the federal rock for bigger and bigger gushes of supposedly costless money.

That tendency is on its way to destroying two things: one, the citizen's character and, two, his pocketbook.

Last year New England had a very destructive hurricane.

In the old days, New England would have struggled through the consequences by herself. In these days, she demanded — and got — a federal appropriation of $5,000,000 to clear fallen logs off private land — not public land; private — and she also induced the federal government to adopt a plan for buying the fallen logs at its own risk. The government pays the owners a price. It then resells the logs. But note! If there is a profit on the resales, the profit goes to the owners. If there is a loss, the government takes it!

This plan involves some $15,000,000. Not all New England, not all her six proud, self-reliant States, not all her ancient and historic financial institutions, not all her great private fortunes could organize a local $15,000,000 timber-salvage deal! The government at Washington had to undertake it.

An equal destruction is on the way now to the citizen's pocketbook. The citizen can no longer flatter himself that the federal gratuities to his home town are getting paid for by the "ultrarich."

The ultrarich are commonly defined as those citizens who have incomes of more than $100,000 a year.

In 1929, we taxed their incomes at a rate that worked out to a mathematical average of 15 per cent and collected $653,000,000 from them.

In the last year of complete record — 1937 — we taxed them at a rate that worked out to a mathematical average not of *15* per cent but of *50*. And we extracted from them only $432,000,000.

The ultrarich are flickering out fast as a source of first aid to the Treasury. Their place is being taken by all of us. The government's taxes this year on the people as a mass — taxes on drinks, on payrolls, on tires, gasoline, candy, matches, radios, refrigerators, sporting goods, sugar, etc. — will amount this year to some $2,500,000,000!

You Tell Them!

Federal gratuities to the localities are sapping the citizen's self-reliance and are on their way to sapping his means of self-support. He now begins to realize it. He now begins to tell the polls of public sentiment that he wants governmental economy. He wants it principally in the government's administrative expenses. But what does he do even about that?

I will quote from one of our most astute politicians, Senator Ashurst of Arizona:

> During the years I have been a member of the Senate, I have received upward of 30,000 telegraphic dispatches. Many thousands of them have urged me to vote in favor of appropriations. Only three or four have urged me to vote against appropriations. When the tax-payers cease sending telegrams requesting Congress to provide unnecessary appropriations, the tax-payers will obtain relief from high taxes.

I go a bit further than Senator Ashurst. I am convinced that citizens must not merely *refrain* from sending telegrams *for* extravagance. They must *send* telegrams and letters and postcards *against* it. And not against it simply in general. No. Against it in particular — in some specific instance — in their own States and preferably in their own cities, towns, villages.

At the time of the American Revolution, we had "Committees of Correspondence" throughout the thirteen colonies writing to their fellow citizens and to their outstanding leaders on behalf of the American cause. We need local committees now to ferret out unnecessary local federal expenditures and to write to Washington — and to one another — protesting against them. If in every county in this nation we had a citizens' committee against federal extravagance *in that county* and if these committees co-operated with one another in vigorous representations to Washington, we should begin to see the sproutings of economy in Washington absolutely on the instant.

There is no such pressure on Washington today from the localities. Many citizens are still demanding expenditures. Virtually no citizens are demanding elimination of expenditures.

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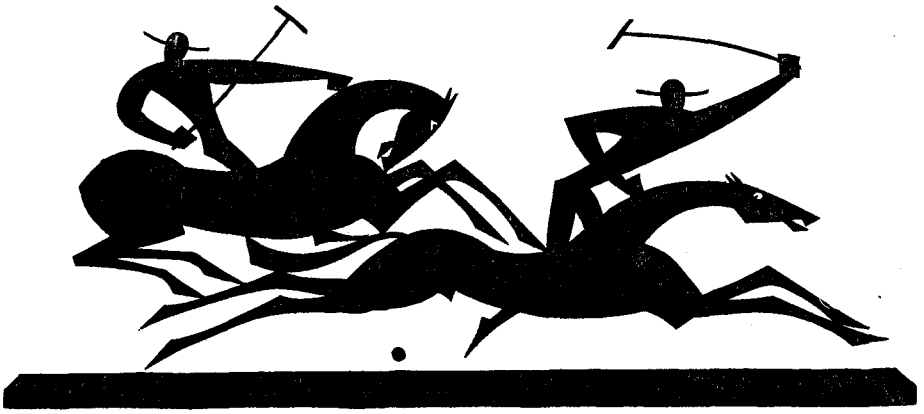
The citizen pushed Washington into extravagance. Only he can push Washington back into economy.

Don't try to alibi yourself by talking about "spending theorists" and radicals and bureaucrats. Begin to talk about the people who are really responsible: you and your neighbors. The federal government, if it is ruining itself on nothing else, is ruining itself on what it is doing for the neighborhoods. Each neighborhood now says: "Every other neighborhood is getting *its*. We must get *ours*."

Some neighborhood must lead the way out of that suicidal swirl. Why not yours? Why not start Federal Economy County Committee Number One?

When such committees tell Washington to save, believe me it will.



Advice Is Nix

by **SANTA ADAMS**

SOME OF MY JOLLIEST childhood memories are woven about Mrs. Schmidt's pie shop, whence came the large, luscious pies which our mothers often served at dinner (sometimes, I am afraid, passing them off as their own creations) and to which every child in the neighborhood lucky enough to have a nickel hurried in quest of one of the little pastries which graced the lowest of the three scrubbed shelves.

Those pies were famous in our suburb — and with reason. Their outsides were generously shortened with fresh butter from Mrs. Schmidt's Jersey cow, and their insides bulged with the juiciest of fruits, the finest homemade mincemeat, or the smoothest of custard fillings. All were uniformly delectable, which made it difficult to choose among them.

Once, wavering between huckleberry and peach, I turned to Mrs. Schmidt for help. "Which one shall I take? I can't make up my mind."

Mrs. Schmidt's blue eyes twinkled at me from behind her fat, pink cheeks, but she disclaimed any responsibility in the decision. Said she: "Advice is nix. Only you and Gott know how your insides feel."

As I walked home, munching my pie, I felt that Mrs. Schmidt was entirely right. Surely nothing else could have hit the spot quite as that huckleberry filling did; and I was glad that Mrs. Schmidt had not suggested the peach, because I should then have been in politeness bound to take it. I decided that advice was a silly thing and that thenceforward I should neither ask nor give any.

I was only eight then, but the years since have served but to strengthen my opinion as to the utter worthlessness of advice.

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Some observant soul has remarked that the world is made up of people who lift and people who lean. From my own experience I may add that, if you don't lean, somebody is going to try to lean on you. Moreover, you'll occasionally meet up with a husky individual who really wants to be a lifter, and he — or, much more often, she — will be angry and resentful if you don't jump at an invitation to lean. It's well-nigh impossible to make people understand that there's a middle-of-the-road attitude — that one can desire merely to mind one's own business unmolested, neither giving nor taking advice.

Smooth Sailing

I suppose it was my resentment of unsought advice which brought me the reputation, while I was yet a small girl, of being "strong-minded." As I grew up, that reputation stuck and gave a lot of people the erroneous idea that I was born a lifter. Other girls flocked to me for advice, and so many love affairs were spread out before me by the sisterhood of fluttering hearts while I was still in my teens that I came to think the whole thing rather silly and decided I'd probably never fall in love myself.

But when I was nineteen and visiting in the North, I did fall in love — and a few weeks later eloped to New York, and was married.

My family never entirely forgave me for marrying a man whom they had not met; and I didn't like to hurt their feelings by explaining why I hadn't brought him home for a visit. It was simply that I didn't want their advice. God and I knew how my insides felt, and any outside opinions would have been intrusions, which I might have resented always. I knew that, when I was safely married, the members of my family would loyally keep adverse criticism to themselves.

It was not that I could see anything to criticize in my beloved, of course. But then, I'd also thought my sister's favorite young man a most presentable and satisfactory suitor, yet well remembered the deluge of comment and advice which descended on Helen's unsuspecting head when she blushingly announced her engagement. Everything concerning George, from his Irish grandfather to his own rather large nose and the way he parted his hair, came under minute discussion and formed a basis for the torrent of advice which engulfed her. I wondered pityingly how Helen could possibly feel any romantic stirrings after having heard George so thoroughly dissected.

Well, I didn't want any of that and I sidestepped it by postponing direct contact with my family until I had been married for several years, had two children, and was obviously beyond all benefit of my relatives' counsel. The fact that my husband enjoyed a much larger income than did any member of my family was a great help. There's something about the possession of money which wards off gratuitous advice, just as its lack serves to bring down unasked counsel in an avalanche. Believe me, I speak from wide experience on both sides of the financial fence.

During the twelve years of my happy married life, nobody bothered me with advice. Nor was I annoyed with leaners who sought it. I moved in a circle where comfortable incomes prevailed, and the people I knew well were mostly married couples who met in groups for purposes of entertainment and seldom mentioned their more intimate thoughts and problems to each other. Occasionally I found myself wondering whether in all that gay crowd Roger and I had any real friends; but the thought didn't worry me very much, because, after all, we had each other and the children, who now numbered three; we had youth and health and ample means. I felt that these things were enough, knew they were far more than the majority of people could claim as their own.

On Her Own

Then a series of swift tragedies deprived me of my husband, our savings, our home.

Nothing remained to me but the three children, and I was not long in realizing that in the opinion of the world the children had changed, in the twinkling of an eye, from three shining assets to three heavy liabilities. People no longer said, admiringly, "You have such lovely children!" Now they sought me out to offer condolences on my motherhood — "and three children on your hands — how terrible!"

Advice began to rain down in a flood which made the deluge of Noah's time seem a light dew by comparison — advice and old clothes.

Winter was approaching, and I was wondering, along with my other worries, whence

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would come the warm apparel which my youngsters needed for the cold weather of our Northern climate. About this time my erstwhile friends began dropping in with bundles of their castoff summer things — nothing wearable, you understand; anything good they'd put by for possible use next year. But whatever was too stained or worn to be saved for themselves they brought along and dumped on me with the self-righteous air of having done something noble (first, of course, having cut off all buttons, buckles, etc.).

But the old clothes were easier to bear than the advice. I could — and did — simply make a bonfire of the smelly old garments and then forget about them. The advice was harder to dispose of, because there was so much more of it. It came by word of mouth, by telephone, and by mail. It came from "friends" of long standing and from people whom I could scarcely recall having met. *And all of it was absurd.* I've yet to hear of advice which isn't.

A woman of about my own age, a writer of popular fiction, said quite calmly: "The only sensible thing for you to do now is to slip out and leave these children for others to bring up. By yourself, you have a chance to yet make something of your life; but trying to support three children would simply chain you to an existence of poverty and misery from which you could never hope to rise. After all, each of us has only himself in this world. All other people are transients."

"But I have no near relatives with whom to leave my children," I protested. This was true, for my parents were dead, and my sister was living in the Orient.

"Let strangers do it, then," said my caller blithely. "Youngsters don't starve in this land of the free. Somebody will look after them, you can be sure."

An acquaintance some twenty years my senior, a woman high in the government of her own State, dropped in to see me while en route to a conference in my section. "Of course you'll have to place your children at once," said she briskly, "and I've taken a couple of days off to help you attend to the matter, knowing you're probably inexperienced in the procedure. Now, are there relatives on either side who could be persuaded to take one or more of the youngsters?"

"But I have not the slightest intention of parting with my children," I told her. "They are all I have left in the world, and I am all they have. Whatever happens, we'll stick together."

"Don't be ridiculous," she snapped. "You can't possibly keep a family together, untrained as you are in any work. And the children wouldn't thank you for depriving them of the necessities of life, I can assure you."

"They certainly wouldn't thank me for shunting them off upon unwilling relatives or for dumping them in an orphanage," I snapped back at her. And, because I was frightened in spite of the front I was putting up and because I had only four days more in which to vacate the big bare house which had once been home to Roger and the children and me and because I didn't want to go on living any longer but knew I must because of the children, I suddenly screamed at her — "Get out! I can't bear the sight of you another minute! There ought to be a bounty on nuisances like you!"

Needless to say, I never saw her again.

But the foolish advice went on, until I realized that the only way in which I could escape it was to drop out of sight of my old circle entirely. So I sold my engagement ring, the one article of value I had kept when my world crumbled, and with the proceeds I took my children to a medium-sized factory town in a nearby State, where living was cheaper and where I was reasonably certain of being a complete stranger to all the inhabitants. If people didn't know me they couldn't advise me, I thought.

This turned out to be a wise move, though I reached my destination with less than a hundred dollars.

When I was no longer obliged to combat the silly advice of my friends or listen to their lugubrious predictions of failure ("Remember, you've absolutely no business experience, my dear!"), I found the energy to plan a campaign which resulted in a job. True, it wasn't much of a job but it did provide the bare necessities and enabled me to keep my children together. That was all I could hope for, because it was true that I had no business experience nor even the slightest business aptitude. I did, however, have one small natural talent and with this I have been able to eke out our otherwise scant living and even to provide a few of the luxuries while the children have

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been growing up. The fact that such extra income is undependable — sometimes dribbles in a few dollars at a time, sometimes drops into our laps in quite a respectable lump — only adds to its glamour.

Following Your 'Insides'

Almost nine years have passed since I came here; but, although I vowed then that I should become intimate with no one and have kept that vow to the letter, I have not been able entirely to side-step advice. Perhaps that was too much to hope for, because a widow — and particularly a poor widow with children — strikes the majority of people as being the ideal receptacle for advice, just as a wastebasket is the right place to dump worn pens and blotted envelopes. Gradually, though, I have become more tolerant of those who seek to advise me; I no longer have the yen to insult them. But I know that if I live to be a hundred, like my grandmother, I shall never change my opinion that, at best, advice is utterly worthless.

Right here, I know, someone is going to rise and remark that *trained* advice is something very different from the amateur variety and to remind me of the thousands of social workers who have spent years learning to deal with other peoples' problems kindly, calmly, efficiently.

I'm not forgetting these. You see, one of my various jobs during these nine years was in the local branch of a nationally recognized social agency — one which considers the giving of advice to be its pre-eminent service, though during the depression it has also dispensed financial aid. Every day that I worked there but served to strengthen my firm conviction that no advice is worth a dime. The poorest and most ignorant clients who came to that office had a better grasp of their own problems than any "worker" however well-meaning and long-trained.

And why not? Each of us is the center of his own universe, the most important human being alive. Naturally, then, each gives to his own affairs a passionate interest which no other person, never mind how kindly and conscientious, could equal even if he would.

Can you picture any social worker lying awake night after night wrestling with the troubles of Mrs. Zankoweski, over beyond the railroad tracks? Hardly! She has troubles of her own to worry over. But you can be sure that Mrs. Zankoweski has lain awake plenty going over those problems. Therefore, if any real solution can be found, isn't it reasonable to suppose that it will be Mrs. Zankoweski, not the social worker, who will ultimately find it?

All seven of the "visitors" in the agency where I worked felt constrained to shower advice on me, despite the fact that I was older than any of them and had lived a life of more varied experience. They naïvely believed that their training fitted them to cope with my problems more efficiently than I myself.

But I couldn't see that they were handling even their own affairs any too intelligently. Several lived beyond their means, and were constantly dunned by tradespeople; one couldn't make her husband keep any job; one had a mate who shamed her by philandering; the most recently graduated from college was very unhappy in her home life. Each could have glibly recited a corrective formula to a client in a similar predicament but could find no cure for her own.

Perils Safely Passed

I'm glad I've never taken advice from anyone.

It isn't that I feel I've made such a shining success of my widowhood. Indeed, I realize full well that I have not; but some measure of extenuation for my shortcomings lies in the fact that I have been like a stranger in a foreign land these past nine years, struggling against handicaps imposed by both nature and previous training. I know, however, that, had I heeded the preposterous advice showered on me, I should have been still further confused. As it is, such mistakes as I've made have been my own, and I've nobody to blame for them but myself.

Now that the children are growing up and I begin to see dawn ahead, I am more than ever thankful that I followed my own light through the darkness and did not allow myself to be persuaded from my course by the matches that well-meaning but misguided people struck for me here, there, and everywhere.

My children are all handsome, healthy, and ambitious.

They might still have been handsome, but I doubt very much whether they could have been either healthy or ambitious, had I fol-

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lowed oft repeated advice and moved to the cheapest part of the town to save rent. The pale and languid specimens of youth I observe in the slum district never fail to make my heart ache; but probably some of their parents have bank accounts, which I have not.

My children are being well educated. The eldest will graduate from college shortly; the second will soon enter dramatic school.

I was advised many times to relinquish hope of higher education for them. I was told: "You must realize that you no longer belong to your former social sphere and adapt yourself to changed conditions."

But I didn't and I'm glad of it. My course has meant hard work and added self-denial on the part of the children; but those things will be quickly forgotten.

My children have good taste and high ideals.

I was criticized many, many times, when they were younger, because I did not allow them to mingle, outside of school hours, with the children of the factory workers — preponderantly foreign — among whom they lived. I wanted them to keep the correct speech and good manners which were their birthright.

While neighbor girls in their early teens were running around at night with their adolescent boy friends, my daughters of the same age were safe at home, except on those evenings when we all attended the free classes in sculpture and painting provided by the board of education. It would have been an easy thing to let them slip down to the level of their surroundings; and, had I done so, the two elder children would by now doubtless be married to factory hands.

As it is, my eldest daughter is in a position to choose from among several worth-while admirers. In a few months more we shall all move to the city where she has gone to college, and the younger children will automatically acquire, through their sister, the kind of friends I have always wanted for them.

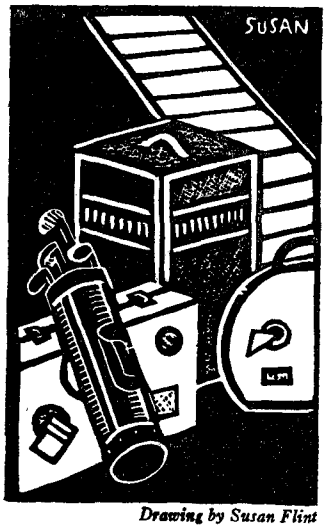
Best of all, there is between my children and me a tie of love so deep, so perfect, that it compensates a thousand times over for any work or worry involved in keeping the family together.

During the first hard years, when there was never the price of a movie or a soda, when we had no radio and little new reading matter, we learned to amuse ourselves by playing together in the evenings. The habit of interdependence has grown on us; we have become a very all-sufficient family, enjoying ourselves best when we are together.

My eldest daughter remarked recently: "I have a lot of fun at school, of course. But sometimes, when I'm out dancing or at a show, I think of you here at home, playing games and popping corn, and I get terribly homesick. None of the girls I know have families like mine. We have better times and care more about each other than other people."

Sometimes I wake in the night and shudder to think what our lives — the children's and mine — would have become by this time, had I followed any of the foolish advice heaped on me. And from the depths of my heart I send up grateful thanks to Mrs. Schmidt for having set me aright on the subject of counsel, long ago.

Advice *is* nix. I *know*.



Drawing by Susan Flint

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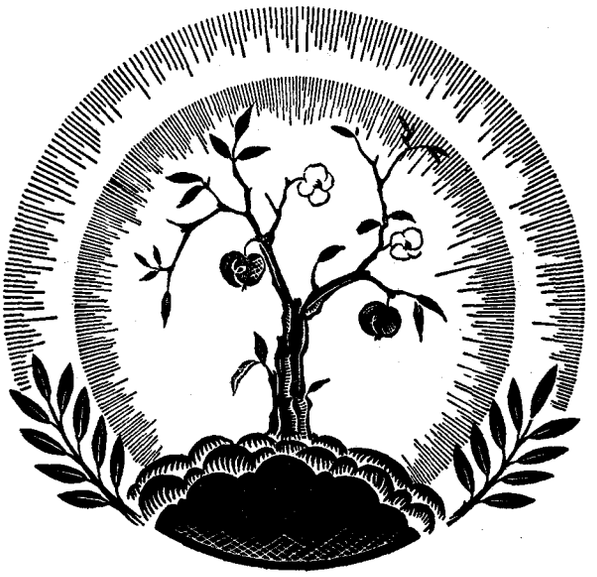
The 'Ex-Insane' Revolt

by **GREER WILLIAMS**



WHETHER YOU DISCOVERED Dr. Sigmund Freud before or after he became a Modern Library giant, you may be surprised to learn that a revolt against his sex psychology is under way in American psychiatric clinics.

One outstanding clinic has already formally stoned him out as a witch doctor, and other mental hospitals are spitting on their hands preparatory to joining in. But the spectacular thing about the anti-Freud movement is that patients are making common cause with their physicians against the old master of psychoanalysis.

The first cry of "Down with Freud!" went up a year ago in the Psychiatric Institute at the Illinois Research and Educational Hospital of Chicago. It accompanied the announcement of the formation of a self-help association for cured patients — the world's first organization of individuals who have survived the most terrifying experience of the human mind, insanity.

It all started with the Institute's successful use of shock therapy, the first system to offer a definite cure for that morbidly fascinating and alarmingly common disease, dementia praecox, known more exactly as schizophrenia (split mind). Schizophrenia, as well as manic-depression, belongs to the mental-disease group known as "functional" psychoses because no organic defect has been found as a cause.

Freud, however, neatly explained schizophrenia and manic-depression with the same grand theories of sex frustration he used to analyze neurotic behavior; and you and I have been inclined to believe him. Here were no ordinary diseases that could be analyzed under a microscope or in a test tube but disorders matching the majesty of the mind, full of romantic tragedy and mysticism!

This grip of psychoanalysis on popular imagination has been a chronic source of irritation to the clinical psychiatrists, the men who, unlike the disciples of Freud, work day in and out with these diseases. They feel that Freud, a neurologist, has played leapfrog with scientific method in jumping from neurosis to psychosis. Delivering philippics against Freudian fallacy was beneath their scientific dignity, however — and who were they to say that Freud was wrong? Maybe a psychoanalyst couldn't cure a schizophrenic, but neither could they.

Then Manfred Sakel of Austria came along in 1932 with insulin shock, and Ladislaus von Meduna of Hungary, in 1935, with metrazol and gave the clinical men the weapons they needed. In the three years these two drugs have been used in America, the clinicians have sent a growing number of the previously incurable back to homes and jobs with clear heads.

But — would you accept a relative who had been in an insane asylum as an *equal* again? If you were a personnel manager, would you hire a man who noted on his application for work that he had suffered from dementia praecox?

No, not very often. To say a man has been in an insane asylum is to brand him. Our reaction is instinctive.

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In the distrust of one who has not been an inmate of a mental hospital for the one who has been lies the great obstacle in the road back to sanity which shock therapy has opened up for the lost souls of these institutions. Today, the recovered patient must conceal his record to avoid social stigma. The "ex-insane" individual feels like an ex-convict.

II

THE FIRST SHOCK CLINIC to see that this stigma of insanity was nullifying the social value of the insulin and metrazol cures was the Psychiatric Institute, which is operated principally for the purpose of "improving the breed" of researcher and teacher by the University of Illinois and the Illinois Department of Public Welfare. The Institute's staff saw that completely cured patients were having a rough time of it.

For example, a landlord learned that one of his roomers had been a patient at the Psychiatric Institute and ejected him because he "didn't want a crazy tenant."

A father would frequently tell the rest of the family, when his twenty-year-old daughter, an ex-schizophrenic, attempted to express her convictions: "Oh, don't pay any attention to her. You know she was in a mental hospital."

A mother wouldn't let her daughter, who had made a fine recovery at the Institute, take care of her own little boy or resume her housekeeping but insisted on treating her as an invalid.

A teacher lived in fear that her school board would find out she had been a mental patient.

Even worse, when a teacher who had spent about six months in the Institute reapplied for an appointment and the assistant superintendent of schools called her in for questioning, she was asked: "Have you been in a hospital during your absence? . . . What hospital? . . . What was the nature of the disease?" The distracted woman, feeling herself trapped, asked what that had to do with her qualifications. The official said that she would investigate for herself; and of course the former mental patient never got the job.

Another former patient took a civil-service examination. One question read: "Were you ever an inmate of a hospital for mental disease?" She knew that, if she answered, "Yes," her chance was gone. She didn't want to lie and she didn't want to be ashamed — but she wanted the job. She wrote, "No."

Perhaps these instances seem small, but they multiply until the ordeal of facing a prejudiced world places a new strain on the shock-cured patient's mind — the fear that he will be *exposed.*

The Institute psychiatrists studied the sources of this prejudice. After finding its origin in the superstitions of antiquity, they nailed good Dr. Freud as one of its chief perpetuators. Freud, they decided, was not only scientifically but socially reprehensible for explaining dementia praecox and manic-depression as psychological phenomena of an inhibited sex life. Freudian doctrine, as interpreted by the public, they said, discredited the mental patient as a weakling whose mind had given way before sexual impulses. Since sex is associated with sin and since, in addition, sexually abnormal persons are considered queer, here were modern justifications for stigmatizing one whose mind had degenerated. The way Freud described it, the victim was not merely diseased but disgraced.

III

THE STORY of the physician-patient revolt against the Freudian stigma properly begins on November 7, 1937, when the Association of Former Patients of the Psychiatric Institute began its monthly meetings. The Institute's primary intent was through this organization to maintain contact with outgoing patients, so that it might assist in their social readjustment and evaluate the effectiveness of its treatment technique. Thus both science and society would be served.

Such an undertaking would have been impossible before the introduction of shock therapy.

Thirty-three years ago, Clifford Beers, who recovered from manic-depression, wrote *A Mind That Found Itself* and organized mental-hygiene groups, became a pioneer fighter against society's cruelties to the insane. But Beers was essentially effective in obtaining humane treatment for patients still unwell.

In his time, few recovered under even ideal conditions. Those who did recover presented no follow-up problem to the clinic since, for better or worse, the discharged patient placed himself beyond reach of the institution. One's asylum

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associations were driven from the mind, like a bad dream.

When it began using the miraculous shock in 1936, however, the Institute found the attitude toward it changing from dread to gratitude for its role as savior. The discharged patient not only lost his objection to associating with his former "keepers" but found them his friends in restored life.

As soon as the Institute's assistant director began communicating with his former patients about returning for "progress" meetings, he discovered what the insanity stigma means. It was a letter from the Institute which caused the landlord previously mentioned to eject the "ex-insane" tenant. Other patients feared their neighbors would see the Psychiatric Institute address on a letter and start gossiping. The Association finally dealt with this problem by retitling itself "Recovery" and thus saved its members from embarrassing identification with so sane an undertaking.

The group was growing, and the director realized that it could exercise some force in public opinion — first among friends and relatives of members and later in the community. Thus, publicity was invited for the first time at an Association meeting in April, 1938. At the same time, Freud was put over the barrel.

It was a historic occasion in psychiatry. Seventy-one ex-patients, and fifty-eight members of their families met that Sunday morning in one of the Hospital's lecture rooms. The former patients ranged in age from fifteen to fifty and were almost evenly divided as to sex. All had recovered from schizophrenia or manic-depression from one to fifteen months previously. Former schizophrenics outnumbered the manic-depressives about three to one, a ratio which corresponds to the relative prevalence of the diseases in the general population.

They had horror, heroism, and good fortune in common. In their pasts was a space, a lost world in which the central nervous system had failed to keep the individual in efficient communication with society. During this period the schizophrenics had lost interest in *qualities* of behavior which society considers correct, while the manic-depressives had violated normal action in *quantity*. One went to the passive or active extreme of doing or thinking the *wrong* thing; the other did the *right* thing but too little or too much of it.

And the restoration of social intelligence had not been a pleasant experience. Shock injections are administered in a heroic series lasting as long as two months. Clinically, insulin produces a one-hour coma; metrazol, a convulsion limited to one minute. Great but as yet undetermined changes take place in the chemistry of the nerves. The injections are repeated every few days, each producing a longer period of lucidity, until, if the treatment is successful, the change becomes permanent.

But these 71 were lucky. The constant population of America's 480 or more mental institutions is upwards of 500,000, of whom an estimated 300,000 are functional psychotics. The manic-depressives get well or die off, but the schizophrenics tend to live out their normal life span — an accumulating load of mental derelicts. These two classes comprise 40,000 of the 100,000 committed each year to mental hospitals.

IV

BUT NOW THESE MEN and women were again undifferentiated members of society, in no way marked apart from their relatives. They looked no better or worse than other ordinary people. One woman had a small child beside her. A pretty girl in blue sat near the front. The men looked both poor and prosperous. All listened closely to the director's discussion of their problem.

"Clearly," he said, "the members of the community have their special views of mental disease. To them it is a disgrace. They say, 'Once insane, always insane.'"

He traced this superstition back to the Middle Ages, when mental disease was commonly believed to be an evil spirit possessing the mind. In consequence, the patient was tortured, chained, and banished for the "safety of society."

Then in the nineteenth century, he said, scientific psychiatry began, and psychiatrists recognized that mental disease is basically no different from others but is simply a breakdown of the central nervous system instead of the liver, heart, or some other organ.

But other trends counteracted this advance. "One movement declared that soul and body, or mind and matter, were separate. The mind dominated all organic functions, and all disease was said to result from faulty thinking. It be-

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came a maxim that disease indicated sinfulness. . . . The breakdown of the mind, the organ in control, was . . . stigmatized as an indication of singular sinfulness."

The director said that the clinicians rejected such wild speculations, but soon new medical theorists emerged. "They coined attractive terms, discoursed on conflicts and complexes, and declared that mental derangement is the outcome of devious emotional attitudes and faulty impulses.*

"Originally, the sponsors of the new doctrine limited their field of activity to the so-called psychoneuroses — hysterical behavior, anxieties, compulsions — and hesitated to invade the territory of psychoses proper — dementia praecox, manic-depression, paranoias. But in due time they extended their speculations to include practically every type of mental disease. . . . One variety of disease was a regression to an infantilistic (narcistic) wish life; another was the expression of hostility to a mystical father image. The patients were credited with all manner of ingenious psychological conflicts and complexes built around infantilistic sexual impulses. . . .

"What the psychologizing physicians did was to substitute the scientific-sounding word *impulse* for the mystical-sounding term *sin*. In either case, the implication was plain. It was not an organ that had broken down but the patient's morale. . . .

"Everyone has conflicts and complexes, and patients suffering from mental diseases have them, too. But it is also a fact that conflicts and complexes are present in persons afflicted with kidney trouble or diabetes. Nevertheless, no one dares generalize that the latter are the result of psychological conflicts instead of physiological disturbances. . . .

"Both ancient and modern versions of the mental-disease stigmas rest on the assumption, unsupported by clinical experience, that physical disease is the result of physiological disorder while mental disease is *merely* the outcome of psychological disturbance.

"Let me tell you in conclusion that the vast majority of clinical psychiatrists have always rejected the baseless distinction between physical and mental ailments. You have faced the horror of mental disease and, having recovered, you face the more formidable horror of being stigmatized. . . . We, the clinical psychiatrists, are solidly behind you in the inalienable right of every mental patient to be credited with a bona fide physiological disease."

The meeting resolved into a forum in which a nimble little man, who proved to be a well-known magician, led off with a glib, amiable speech in which he excoriated Freud for making sex the prime mover of mental breakdowns. He pointed out that many a neurotic and psychotic has been led to seek salvation in long and expensive series of psychoanalyses without benefit. He asked the director to tell the former patients that Freudism was rubbish.

The director, who had not mentioned Freud by name, did not defend him but indicated that faddists, more than Freud himself, were responsible for the stigmatizing effect of his theories.

A man with a Mussolini frown stood up near the back of the room and said, "Doctor, I have proof that the radio causes — "

The director, however, called on a slender, well-dressed auto-finance-company agent, who advocated that his fellow "alumni" form an employment agency for themselves; on an energetic, bald-headed businessman, who classed himself as "a millionaire until 1929" but a far wiser, happier man now; and on two women, the girl in blue and a cultured-looking matron. Both women expressed their gratitude to the Institute.

Each time the Mussolini man tried to gain the floor, and finally he declared: "I've got just as much right to speak as anyone else here. None of us is crazy, and — "

"All right, John," said the director.

Rather than speak from his seat, as the others had done, John pushed to the aisle and strode heavily to the platform. He went to the blackboard and launched quickly into a chalk lecture on "how the radio affects the mind." Some of the former patients smiled sadly as he drew a half-circle from the brain and a horizontal line into the back of it: "The radio comes in here." He made a vertical mark with a vigorous upward gesture: "The instincts come up the spine." He placed a "U" below the brain and a circle near the lower end of the spine line: "But there is a connection

* *The director obviously referred to Freud, Jung, Adler, Brill, etc.*

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between the tongue and the genitals. The eyes," he added, indicating them with a big dot, "look down — "

The director indulgently persuaded John that he had said enough, and the latter stomped back to his seat.

"I think that we all understand John's case," said the director. "He was knowingly allowed to go home before he recovered. His example reminds us that we are not perfect yet; everyone cannot be cured."

V

As in this typical dementia-praecox paranoid case, the percentage of failures of shock therapy is high among those who were stricken more than six months before the beginning of treatment.

Following what is probably the most rigid critique of recovery yet defined, the Institute has obtained 40 per cent "final full" recoveries among schizophrenics ill up to five years. This is a gain of more than 100 per cent over the pre-shock days, when 17 per cent of the clinic's dementia-praecox patients could be expected to recover spontaneously within six years.

But the shock gain has been greatest where it counts the most. Among schizophrenics stricken six months or less before treatment, the Institute cures 52 per cent.

It does not count partial or temporary recoveries, which are weeded out by careful testing of the patient's insight before discharge and through regular follow-up of the members of Recovery. Society is given no excuse for questioning the sanity of the Institute's former patients.

Manic-depression, which pulses like an alternating current through maniac and depressed stages, is less tenacious than schizophrenia. More than 50 per cent of the victims return to sanity without treatment. The Institute has not materially increased this recovery rate but has been highly successful in reducing the duration of the attack with shock treatment. The hospitalization of its average manic-depressive has been cut from 148 to 42 days, a 250-per-cent gain.

As one might expect, the disciples of Freud have found the curative property of the shock as easy to explain as the psychosis itself. Fear of death during the shock, some say, frees the patient of his conflict or complex.

This view was attacked by the director at another of Recovery's Sunday meetings. He said that painstaking observations had shown that the insulin coma hardly ever produced a fear reaction. Metrazol cases, while almost invariably displaying an intense fear, tended to get worse instead of better when the injection caused fear but failed to produce the desired convulsion.

"Obviously," he told his loyal band, "it is the drugs that effect the cure. Is it plausible to assume that complexes and conflicts, mother fixations, and incest cravings are dislodged by intravenous and subcutaneous injections? Is it logic to believe that insulin comas and metrazol convulsions solve psychological problems? We have been told for the past forty years that complexes cannot be remedied unless the underlying 'traumatic' childhood experience is discovered. Did the drugs, in curing our patients, hunt for their infantile traumatic experiences?"

The trouble, he later explained, is that "psychoanalysis is good art but bad science."

Where scientific truth is limited to what can be proved by statistics, experimentation, or observation, Freud, it seems, flies through the air with the greatest of ease. He bases his theories on the assumption that the original pattern of human behavior is the one-cell protoplasm whose two main functions are to reach out toward life and to recoil from it — assimilation and elimination or birth and death. The reaching out is "libido," combining reproduction and nutrition.

The child, he says, must pass through three stages to reach mental maturity: autosexuality, homosexuality, heterosexuality. But, if the libido is frustrated or injured, so to speak, in its reaching out, it may suffer a repression, amounting to a recoil into the ego. Aggravation of the repression may produce a subjective neurosis in later life. The neurosis may progress to the psychosis of schizophrenia, with the libido turning inward from the objective or heterosexual state to the subjective or autosexual state (narcism) for gratification.

The wizardry of this theory deeply pleases lay curiosity because it neatly answers the eternal question, "Why?" It also justifies the psychoanalytic method, since "free association" between the patient and the physician is the only conceivable way of discovering what

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it is that is causing the libido to misbehave.

The clinical psychiatrist admits that "confession is good for the soul" and may relieve mental distress, but he has never been able to induce an insane person to confess anything that makes sense.

"We never have been able to identify Freudian regressions as a cause of schizophrenia," said the director, "and it is the experience of many psychiatrists that psychoanalysis is a waste of time and money in treating even the neurotic. Any patient's interpretations of his own acts are unreliable, and none can be studied scientifically when he is aware of being observed, not even the psychotic."

His sole scientific quarrel with Freud, he said, is the application of a theory for neurosis to psychosis, although the two disorders are basically different. The psychoneurotic mind behaves abnormally without losing its social sense or orientation in reality. The psychotic mind loses contact with social standards and distorts reality. In a general way, the neurotic is conscious of his strange behavior, and the psychotic is not.

The clinicians admit they don't know what causes a functional psychosis or how the shock cures it, but they see no need to jump at conclusions. The whole of medical science's experience, however, supports their view that functional psychoses arise from some physical change. Some organs are constitutionally susceptible to breakdown under given pressures, they say, and others are not. They recognize that stresses and strains placed on the mind by modern life may produce psychoses and, for that matter, indigestion and constipation. Unfortunately for the latter two, the stomach and bowels have no psychic standing.

VI

THE DIRECTOR of Recovery has no Freudian complex about Freudism, however.

On October 27, 1938, he called representatives of Chicago civic organizations into a joint meeting with the "ex-insane" to hear about another source of stigma. This is the lunacy law which controls the placing of a patient in a State mental hospital. It requires the attending physician to make a recommendation to a judge, who issues an order to the sheriff to deliver the lunatic into the institution.

Five hundred persons, including one hundred members of Recovery, heard a burly young man and a stylishly dressed woman describe the public shame arising out of court records of their mental illness.

The man said that the court procedure had verified his original delusion of self-depreciation and left him afraid to return to his home town in Indiana to face probable ostracism.

The woman said her mother had too much pride to submit her to court commitment and sent her to a private sanitarium which exhausted their financial resources. This forced her to become a court charge anyway.

The director declared that the court commitment procedure was based on two mistaken concepts. One was that judge and sheriff are needed to protect the community from a "raving maniac." The other was that the individual must be protected from railroading. "Both are largely mythical," he said. Most insane patients are not raving but easily managed. Family attempts to conspire against a relative are rare, popular fancy to the contrary, and the court's routine acceptance of the physician's recommendation offers little protection against conspiracy.

The law, he said, should be changed to make hospitalization of the mentally diseased primarily a medical and not a judicial matter — eliminating the public record.

Recovery is pledged to fight all such discriminations. Its number is still small, but the shock troops are growing throughout the country, and many other institutions are preparing to join the Institute's fight. The American Psychiatric Association, at its annual meeting in Chicago in May of this year, received the campaign report of the director with great interest.

American mental hospitals are growing in population at the net rate of ten thousand or more a year, but society need not look into these junkyards of the nation's mind to be convinced that the last frontier of man is his reason. It cannot be defended with the whip of prejudice. This plea for social sanity is the essence of the patient-physician protest against Freud. His contribution to the stigma of insanity was largely accidental, but there is no accident in the effort of these clinical psychiatrists to turn their ex-patients against him. To them, it offers a way of driving narcistic bats from the belfry of psychiatry.

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The End of Pendergast

by **EDWARD R. SCHAUFFLER**

APRIL 1, 1939, the powerful Pendergast political machine controlled the city and county governments in Kansas City, Missouri, as it had for more than a decade. Today it is a guess who controls those governments, or, indeed, whether they have any control. A figurative earthquake has shaken them until the distracted officials do not know which way to jump, or even whether they will get an opportunity to jump before they are pushed out.

The earthquake started April 7, Good Friday, when a federal grand jury indicted Thomas J. Pendergast, head and creator of the machine, charging him with evasion of income tax.

Pendergast was accused of failing to make a return on $315,000 which he received in 1935 and 1936. This money, it was charged, was paid to Pendergast by fourteen fire-insurance companies, which were interested in the disposition of $8,000,000 impounded by the State of Missouri in a controversy over rates. The State Insurance Commissioner ordered 80 per cent of the impounded eight millions turned over to the insurance companies and 20 per cent to the premium payers.

After first entering a plea of not guilty, Pendergast went into federal court at Kansas City, May 22, and changed his plea to guilty in the income-tax-evasion case. He was sentenced to fifteen months in federal prison and fined $10,000. He already had agreed to pay the United States Treasury $372,807.10 in restitution of the evaded taxes, plus penalties.

Fascinating things happened between April 7 and May 22.

April 13, six days after the Pendergast indictment, Henry F. McElroy, who had been City Manager of Kansas City thirteen years and in that period had run the city government virtually single-handed, with remarkable force and acumen, and just as the Pendergast machine wanted it run, resigned.

Bryce B. Smith, the city's Mayor for nine years, announced the day McElroy resigned that thereafter he would run the city government according to his own ideas, despite the limitations imposed on the mayor by the city charter, which gives him very little power. Mayor Smith said the benevolent despotism which he proposed to set up would continue until such time as all rumors of irregularities in the city government had been checked on, and any that were found corrected. Up to the middle of May, plenty had been found. Mayor Smith told the eight other members of the city council at the time he demanded a free rein that, if they did not vote it to him, he would resign and leave the wreckage on their hands.

What had happened? What swept the Pendergast machine to ruin almost overnight?

This swift downfall of a great political organization has come not as the result of any tidal wave of civic indignation in Kansas City but primarily because the underlings who fed at the Pendergast trough for years deserted their boss as soon as Uncle Sam "put the finger on" him.

Then civic and business bodies began to investigate unhealthy conditions in Kansas City's government, about which most of their members had had general knowledge for years. The Kansas City Chamber of Commerce and the Real Estate Board were two of the organizations demanding a thorough investigation.

A Forward Kansas City committee was appointed, and now is searching diligently for civic corruption. More than one member of the committee has buddied with the Pendergast machine in the past and profited thereby. But it is only fair to add that there is genuine civic indignation, too, among members of the Forward Kansas City committee. This is felt by men who opposed the machine, before it was politic to do so, and got nowhere.

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The Cast

AMONG THE PRINCIPAL ACTORS in the civic drama which has been taking place in Kansas City are these men:

Thomas J. Pendergast, creator of the Pendergast political machine, which calls itself Democra ic. He is a successful businessman of many interests, with an earned reputation for being loyal and generous to his friends and political supporters. He keeps his word.

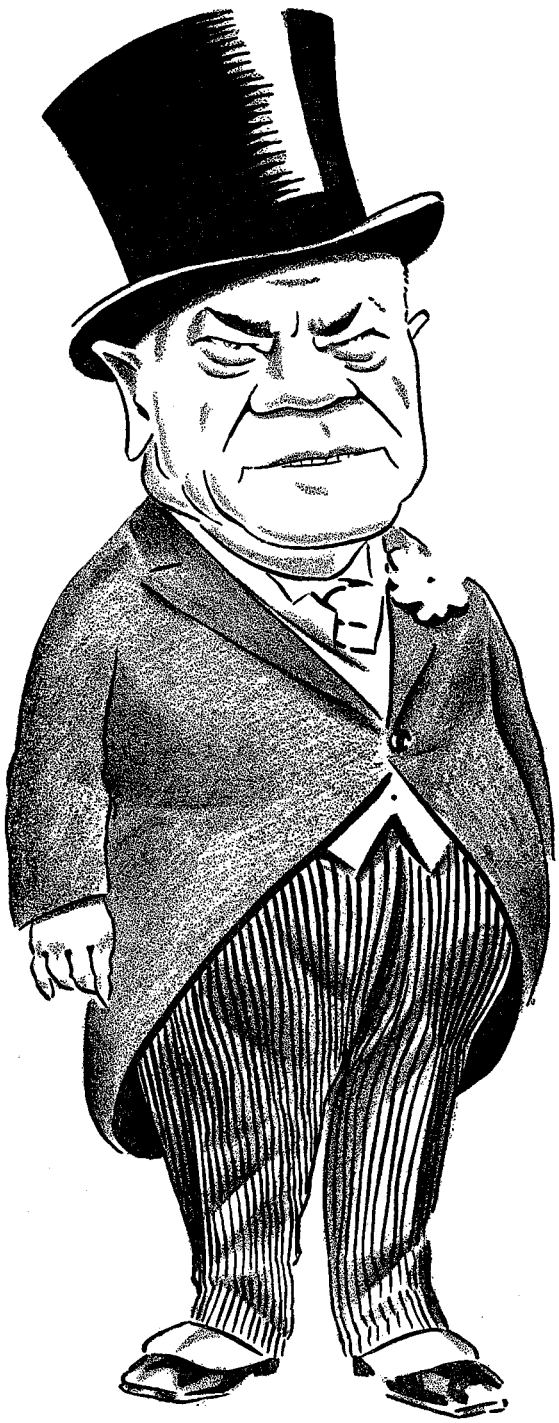
Bryce B. Smith, Mayor of Kansas City, a man well-liked, who, after nine years in office, still is an unknown quantity in public life.

Lloyd C. Stark, Governor of Missouri since 1937, whose term does not expire until 1941. He gave the federal government information which led to the Pendergast indictment.

H. F. McElroy, who, since his resignation as City Manager has been blamed for all iniquities of the city government for thirteen years. He is able, humorous, and a scrapper.

Bennett C. Clark, senior United States Senator from Missouri, who has been Pendergast's political opponent, had his political support, and has presidential aspirations for 1940.

Maurice M. Milligan, United States District Attorney at Kansas City, who plays the role of Uncle Sam, in his bailiwick, with plenty of competent assistants. He is a country lawyer of diligence who was appointed to office five years ago, at a time when laurels of publicity and righteous approbation were ready for the first public prosecutor at Kansas City who had courage enough to gather them.



Cartoon by S. Robles

Ex-Boss

The Machine's Mistakes

THE KANSAS CITY SITUATION leaped into the national spotlight six years ago when an underworld machine gunner slew four peace officers and a convict in front of the city's railroad passenger terminal, in an effort to free the convict, a federal prisoner. One of the murdered men was an agent of the federal Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice. As the Kansas City Police Department caught nobody, despite the murder of two of its own members, because the killers had a political tie-in in Kansas City, the federal government went after the machine gunner and his two pals. All three are dead now, two at the hands of the law, one slain by gangsters.

In the spring of 1934 the Pendergast machine and Party factions which alternately supported it and fought it and each other for spoils staged a singularly violent, corrupt, and bloody municipal election.

Gangsters with political affiliations roamed the streets in motorcars bearing no license tags, brandishing guns. They voted early and often, drove enemies of the machine from the polling places with threats; and before the day was over three Democratic workers and a bystander were slain.

A great many thousand votes were stolen,

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and the machine triumphantly continued in power at the city hall for another four years. It already had been there eight years. As a sop to the Kansas City populace, which was somewhat exasperated by election-day events, the city's Police Director was ordered to resign.

In the summer of 1934, the Pendergast machine made up for its Statewide defeat two years before, in the nomination of Bennett Clark for the United States Senate, by defeating an aspirant for the Senate whom Clark supported, and naming its own man.

In 1936 it went blithely forth and stole for the Democratic Party an election which the Party would have won anyhow. Presumably this was at least partly a demonstration of power to the national Administration.

From the machine's viewpoint, the federal government had been very petty about the murder of its "G" man in the Union Station massacre three years before. In addition, after Senator Clark had been nominated in the face of Pendergast opposition and, of course, elected to the Senate in November, 1932, he had rubbed it in on the machine by ignoring the Pendergast organization in federal patronage.

As United States District Attorney at Kansas City, Senator Clark had named Maurice Milligan, a personal friend. Milligan soon started harrying violators of federal law wherever he found them, regardless of whether they were Pendergast stalwarts. He harried them more than they could have believed possible, in 1937 and 1938, when he convicted about two hundred of their precinct workers, election judges, and clerks.

And for what? Why, just for stealing an election for the Party and laboriously changing the Republican marks on a lot of ballots to Democratic marks. A hell of a Democrat Milligan was, the Pendergast followers agreed.

The machine saw to it that the fines imposed on Party workers were paid for them and that the families of those who had to go to prison were supported in their absence. In at least one instance, a man's name remained on the county payroll while he served a jail sentence for Uncle Sam.

Revolution!

In 1938, another city election was held in Kansas City. Largely owing to the efforts of Governor Lloyd C. Stark, who had broken with Pendergast and named an honest election board in Kansas City, this election was unusually free from corruption. The machine elected eight of the nine members of the city council.

The council, for the fourth time, named Judge H. F. McElroy City Manager. It was McElroy's custom to run the city hall and tell the city council how he wanted it to vote. Usually it complied.

The city charter of Kansas City, which has been in force since 1926, provides for an elected council of nine members, one of whom is the mayor. The councilmen hold office four years and name a city manager, whom they can remove at will by a majority vote. A city manager who is removed has no right of appeal. But, as long as he remains in office, the city manager has the municipal government by the tail. He names the heads of all city departments, except the Park Department, which is controlled by the mayor. The city council cannot fire any of the jobholders appointed under the city manager. It does not confirm their appointments. The only person it can fire is the manager himself.

Why Judge McElroy suddenly resigned, April 13, six days after the indictment of Pendergast, never has been explained to the satisfaction of the general public. It is the general belief that he had his chair jerked out from under him, so to speak. He himself says that no one asked for his resignation; that he resigned of his own volition because, at seventy-three, he was tired of public life and felt he had a right to leisure. He says he did not consult Mr. Pendergast before resigning.

Mayor Smith also says no one asked for McElroy's resignation. The Mayor says he did not consult Mr. Pendergast before he issued his public statement, April 13, demanding that the council follow him in a cleanup of the city hall. He says he had not seen Pendergast for months. He adds that he is very much in earnest about his cleanup, that it is a real one, and that he will see it through.

At Smith's request, the council appointed his secretary, Eugene C. Zachman, a former newspaperman who had been a city-hall reporter for ten years, as Acting City Manager.

The average citizen in Kansas City, following the quite unexpected civic earthquake in April, still is rather stunned. He hears all kinds

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of things about everybody in public life, and most of what he hears is derogatory. Much, of course, is untrue. But you cannot blame him for being a bit uncertain about whom to believe and whom to trust.

Frank announcements have come from the city hall since the Mayor took over the reins. A few of them follow.

Ever since the Pendergast organization took control of the city hall in 1926, city supplies have been purchased without competitive bidding, although the city charter requires bidding. Supplies were bought from companies owned by Pendergast, his relatives, or his friends. W. J. Teefey, city Purchasing Agent from 1926 to the present, is authority for that.

From 1931 until McElroy's resignation, a "city manager's emergency fund" existed, which was fed with money transferred from bond funds, designated for specific purposes. When money was needed for an improvement project for which none was immediately available but would be in the future, the City Manager transferred to his emergency fund money from a bond fund for a project which did not need money just then. Later the money was returned to the bond fund from which it had been taken, Mr. McElroy explained briefly. This might be a little informal, but it was all on the up and up, he said.

This method of handling city finances, startling as it may appear to persons outside Kansas City, certainly should not have caused any surprise to Kansas City. For years Mr. McElroy had been perfectly frank in admitting that he practiced fund transfers. He contended that it saved the city money, by cutting red tape and reducing delay, and therefore was justifiable. He called it "country bookkeeping," and the electorate apparently was perfectly willing to have it continue indefinitely.

The Mayor's office has announced that the city had 5,200 employees in April, 1939, although councilmen had supposed there were only about 3,500. The Mayor and Acting City Manager Zachman fired 748 of these employees in April and declare that more will walk the plank. It was revealed that a lot of these people seldom did any work — which was not an overwhelming surprise to the body politic. Had the present City Council felt any curiosity a year earlier about the number of city employees, it could have had the information by adopting a resolution calling for it, which was submitted by Councilman C. P. Woodbury. However, Woodbury is a Republican, so the resolution was defeated.

Two audits have been ordered at the city hall, one by the Civic Research Institute of Kansas City, whose mission is clean government, and one by the Chamber of Commerce, Real Estate Board, Merchants' Association, and affiliated groups, which heretofore have been somewhat backward about public criticism of the city hall.

In the county courthouse they are having their troubles, too.

In February, 1939, a county grand jury, spurred on by Governor Stark, indicted David E. Long, presiding judge of the county court (which is not a judicial body but a board of three which handles county finances). Judge Long was charged with spending $9,700 of the county's money in remodeling a building belonging to his sons, so that they could lease part of it to the county. The money was returned to the county before Judge Long was tried in April. He was acquitted promptly by a jury loaded with machine sympathizers. His defense was that he was a simple businessman who did not know such expenditures were illegal. The prosecution was conducted, not very ardently, by the State Attorney General, Roy McKittrick, who is a friend of the Pendergast machine. Long is to be tried again on another indictment based on the same transaction.

The February county grand jury also indicted Waller W. Graves, Prosecuting Attorney of Jackson county, charging him with neglect of duty because he freed without trial a gangster who tried to kill the county sheriff on a Kansas City boulevard in 1933. Graves dismissed the charge in 1928, after requesting twenty-seven times that the trial be postponed. Charges against the gangster have been reinstated.

On Governor Stark's orders, the State Attorney General also has filed ouster suits against Graves and James L. Williams, the present sheriff at Kansas City. They are charged with general failure to enforce the law.

An audit of the county's books has been ordered by the Civic Research Institute.

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Pendergast's Rule

A glance at Missouri political history of the last three years is necessary to get a proper perspective on what is happening now.

In 1936, Pendergast approved the nomination for governor of Lloyd C. Stark, a Democratic nurseryman of Louisiana, Missouri. Stark is a graduate of the United States Naval Academy. In the last three years he has become a good friend of President Roosevelt. He also has become a bitter and outspoken foe of the Pendergast organization, without whose aid he hardly could have been nominated or elected Governor in 1936.

After Stark took office he discovered the events leading up to the insurance-rate settlement of 1935, on the basis of which the first federal indictment against Pendergast rested. This indictment was amended April 29, and a second one brought in, dealing with alleged use of human dummies in Pendergast's companies to reduce his income-tax payments. Pendergast's businesses include liquor, ready-mixed concrete, street paving, and much else.

Stark ordered the Statewide insurance settlement stopped and fired the State Superintendent of Insurance, R. E. O'Malley, a friend of Pendergast. O'Malley also had been indicted by the United States for income-tax evasion in the insurance deal. He got $62,500 out of it, on which he paid no income tax, it is charged. After the Governor fired him, he returned to Kansas City, and at once was made Director of the city Water Department.

In addition to bringing the Pendergast indictments, the federal grand jury at Kansas City, still in session as this is being written, has indicted a group of the machine's less prominent hearties for narcotic sales. The boss of Kansas City's gambling racket has been indicted for income-tax evasion.

One tragic death has come with the apparent collapse of the Pendergast empire. Edward L. Schneider, secretary of several Pendergast companies, was a witness before the federal grand jury for many days. His testimony was followed immediately by new indictments of his boss and benefactor. Two days later, May 1, Schneider's motorcar was found on a bridge across the Missouri River, with two suicide notes in it. Schneider's body was found in the river. Remorse is supposed to have caused him to leap to his death from the bridge.

Even in trouble, however, Pendergast has many friends in Kansas City. These include many very poor persons, who remember how the Pendergast machine maintained free grocery and milk stations for the needy, before the advent of federal relief. They remember "made" work on city projects as early as 1932, in which there was a minimum use of machinery and a maximum employment of men.

The most sincere and long-time opponent of the Pendergast regime must admit there has been virtually no cant or hypocrisy from either McElroy or Pendergast about their way of running a government. McElroy told the world he was doing "country bookkeeping" and admitted he was making no effort to abolish gambling and brothels. His philosophy was that nobody compelled anybody else to go into a brothel or a gambling establishment and that the persons who conducted those industries might, if inhibited therefrom, become pickpockets, shoplifters or holdup artists. Pendergast always has been frank in saying that he sold the city, the county, and the State all the ready-mixed concrete, paving contracts, and so forth that he could. His business rivals and critics did likewise — only they couldn't sell very much.

Loading of the city payrolls began when the depression hit Kansas City hard. Many middle-aged and elderly persons who had been faithful Party workers and had lost their regular jobs were given sinecures on the public payroll.

In order to come near balancing the budget with this extra load, McElroy placed all city employees on half-pay, often for as long as six months of each fiscal year. This cut fell impartially on even the employees who worked, and it played havoc with their morale.

After McElroy's resignation, it was announced that the city's deficit would run in the neighborhood of a million and three quarters dollars.

Mayor Smith in his first two years in office — he has been there nine — had several brushes with McElroy over the way the city's business was conducted. The City Manager told him to go on back to his office and run the Park Department, as the city charter prescribes, and leave the direction of the other

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city departments to the Manager, as the charter also prescribes. The Mayor says he decided he would get further by working with McElroy than by fighting him.

The Mayor concedes he at no time in his nine years in office sought McElroy's resignation (until 1939) and that he voted for his appointment as City Manager in 1930, 1934, and 1938. He adds: "I didn't always get along with him, but two thirds of the time we were on good terms."

Mayor Smith, asked whether he felt that on the whole the city government for the last thirteen years had been reasonably efficient, honest and economical, said he believed it had been very efficient and that the audits now in progress should finally determine the question of its honesty. So far, he said, speaking May 5, there had been nothing to prove dishonesty in the handling of the city's finances, although there was much to prove that the methods employed were irregular and not those prescribed in the city charter. As for being economical, Smith cited the figures of the United States Bureau of the Census for 1936. These figures show that the per capita cost of city government in Kansas City in 1936, including debt charges, was $25.15, while in Cincinnati it was $33.20 and in Milwaukee $43.41. Milwaukee and Cincinnati have been praised widely for their city governments, while Kansas City was being damned quite as widely.

Farewell to the Good Old Days

To an interested observer who has been a Kansas Cityan all his life and who admits a genuine fondness for the place, a number of things appear significant.

There would have been no cleanup in Kansas City in 1939 if Governor Stark and the President of the United States hadn't "clicked" and joined forces. For certainly Stark's numerous trips to Washington and calls at the White House in the last three years have not been made to discuss the weather, the agricultural situation, or European war clouds.

Frank Murphy, United States Attorney General, visited Kansas City just before the first Pendergast indictment was made public. The Department of Justice hardly would have spent two years prosecuting vote frauds in Kansas City without the President's ordering it. Nor would District Attorney Milligan have been reappointed to office in 1938, after his friend, Senator Clark, apparently had cooled toward him and was widely believed to have made friends with Pendergast.

It seems certain that many businessmen in Kansas City, who now talk solemnly about the absolute necessity of a cleanup, would have gone on being contented with the kind of government the machine gave, except for the persistence of unfavorable outside publicity for Kansas City, which made them very uncomfortable.

Of course there were, in the precleanup period, other Kansas City businessmen, a small, courageous minority, who had been fighting the machine in the open a long time. For their efforts they were liberally damned by many fellow citizens and called disloyal and defamers of their town.

But the doubting brothers now seem finally convinced that Pendergast machine rule really was bad for Kansas City business. Having reached that conclusion, they naturally have turned against it. If even a friendly, competent, and really very obliging political machine, which took fine care of its friends, is bad for business — why, then kick it in the pants!

And yet many folks feel kind of sad. For the old machine was mighty accommodating about reducing its friends' taxes. You can't tell what a new gang will do. There are those who say that the machine boys really have seen the light, after thirteen years' pathetic groping, and that, now that McElroy and Pendergast are purged, their former dupes will walk in sweetness, light, and civic purity. This group would like to keep its obliging old friends at the city hall in power.

Certainly, whatever the sins of the Pendergast machine, they have been invited and encouraged by the attitude of a large number of citizens of the upper rather than the underworld. These persons have been avid for what they could extract from the machine in the way of fat contracts, conveniently reduced taxes, and a dozen other things not admissible either in law or equity.

The United States at large is suffering from too many people of this description, quite as much as Kansas City has been. It would be remarkable if they should suddenly change their spots.

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The Forum Quiz

This Quiz is designed especially for FORUM readers — to please them but not to measure their intelligence. The questions should not be difficult for the average person. They cover both the light and the serious aspects of politics, science, sports, business, and the arts. Counting 2½ points for each correct answer, Jane Froman, the radio singer, scored 70 on this Quiz. A young advertising executive scored 77½; a businessman, 72½. An editor also scored 72½ and a twenty-one-year-old young lady 50 (fortunately, she's beautiful). Answers on p. IX of advertising section.

1. Please put down that glass of iced lemonade long enough to identify the author of a laughter-filled book which begins:

In the castle of Baron Thunder-tentronckh in Westphalia there lived a youth, endowed by Nature with the most gentle character. His face was quite honest and he was extremely simple-minded; and this was the reason, I think, that he was named. . . .

(*a*) *Tom Jones* (*b*) *Candide* (*c*) *Petrucchio*

2. After a Sunday dinner at your mother-in-law's you are strolling in the country, wondering why she always serves stewed chicken, when suddenly you come upon a moraine. "Well," you'll likely say:
(*a*) *"I'm just wild about erosion."*
(*b*) *"That river has been on a rampage again."*
(*c*) *"Musta been a glacier 'round here."*
(*d*) *"I don't like to sit on hot lava."*

3. The other day, while talking with an aviation-research worker, Colonel Lindbergh referred casually to the "slip stream." In plain language he meant:
(*a*) *the shaft of air created by the propeller*
(*b*) *the vacuum behind the plane's tail*
(*c*) *aerial "skidding" in a flat turn*

4. With all the war talk, there's intense interest in the control of the Bosporus — which happens to be:
(*a*) *the narrow stretch of water between Italy and Greece*
(*b*) *the passageway between Sicily and Tunisia*
(*c*) *a strait between the Black Sea and Sea of Marmora*

5. If all these good ladies were to meet in the Stork Club on a Saturday night, one of them would find it hard talking shop with the others:
(*a*) *Dorothy Thompson* (*b*) *Maude Slye*
(*c*) *Jessica Dragonette* (*d*) *Martha Deane*

6. On a hot afternoon you stand transfixed before a picture in Chicago's Art Institute. You shout: "My, what chiaroscuro!" A plain person would have said:
(*a*) *"I prefer nudes to landscapes any day."*
(*b*) *"Hmm — remarkable lights and shadows."*
(*c*) *"A balanced composition."* (*d*) *"My feet hurt."*

7. Which of these is the third book in the Old Testament?
(*a*) *Exodus* (*b*) *Leviticus* (*c*) *Numbers* (*d*) *Deuteronomy*

8. Just one word is misspelled in this Hollywood epic:
I can't eat my fricassee for excitement — had I not seen that strawberry birthmark on your sternum, I would not have kept you under surveilance and discovered that you were my long lost son.

9. Although an all-round player rather than a home-run hitter, the successor to Babe Ruth as the No. 1 player in the big leagues is generally agreed to be:
(*a*) *Lefty Gomez* (*b*) *Gabby Hartnett* (*c*) *Dizzy Dean*
(*d*) *Joe Medwick* (*e*) *Joe DiMaggio*

10. And the recently appointed No. 1 man in the U. S. Army, soon to take charge of our new defense program, is:
(*a*) *George C. Marshall* (*b*) *Douglas MacArthur*
(*c*) *Malin Craig*

11. Over the coffee in Lima, Peru, one hears many legends but none more entertaining than those of the famous actress whose nickname was:
(*a*) *Rosinante* (*b*) *La Perricholi* (*c*) *Argentinita*

12. One and only one untruth lies buried here. Please select the one false statement:
(*a*) *Samuel T. Coleridge was addicted to opium.*
(*b*) *Shelley wrote* Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.
(*c*) *Nietzsche, who talked of supermen, was a poor physical specimen himself.*
(*d*) *Amy Lowell wrote on Keats and smoked cigars.*

13. One of these contemporary authors, specializing in books on crime, gambling, and lapses of public virtue, is a descendant of a famous Methodist bishop:
(*a*) *Herbert Asbury* (*b*) *G. E. R. Gedye*
(*c*) *C. S. Forester*

14. And one of the interesting aspects of our naval defense program is the decision to:
(*a*) *build larger submarines* (*b*) *fortify New York*
(*c*) *construct more ships on the West Coast*
(*d*) *add a mosquito fleet of small torpedo boats*

15. Please identify the author of the current best seller from which the following is taken:

A column of smoke rose thin and straight from the cabin chimney. The smoke was blue where it left the red of the clay. It trailed into the blue of the April sky and was no longer blue but gray. The boy Jody, watched it, speculating.

(*a*) *Edna Ferber* (*b*) *Margery Sharp* (*c*) *Pearl Buck*
(*d*) *Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings*

16. The chief pressure group seeking larger WPA expenditures is none other than:
(*a*) *the Workers' Alliance* (*b*) *the C. I. O.*
(*c*) *the FDIC* (*d*) *the Relief Workers' Federation*

17. Granted that none of them should be showered with roses, the fact remains that among the international diplomats one is best qualified, on the basis of his long-term record, to wear the mantle of Judas Iscariot:
(*a*) *Franz von Papen* (*b*) *Achille Starace*
(*c*) *Konrad Henlein* (*d*) *Emil Hacha*

18. Father Flanagan is the very able, friendly priest identified with one of these institutions:
(*a*) *The Cradle* (*b*) *The Seeing Eye* (*c*) *Boys' Town*

19. Of the Brest-Litovsk treaty, dictated by Germany to Russia in 1918, it can be truthfully said that:
(*a*) *Russia lost ⅓ of her population, farm lands*
(*b*) *Germany made few territorial demands*
(*c*) *unlike Versailles, it was a fair treaty*

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20. Please pick out the wrongly spelled word:
Nicholas Murray Butler, your Olympian railery is familiar enough at pedagogical powwows, but what we should like to know is this: Don't those 33 honorary degrees, the 18 clubs you belong to, and the 15 books you've written sometimes rest a little heavily on your spirit? Would a chaise longue help?

21. The popular novel, *Grapes of Wrath*, was written by:
(*a*) *J. P. Marquand*
(*b*) *Ernest Hemingway*
(*c*) *Erskine Caldwell*
(*d*) *John Steinbeck*

22. On the whole, Italian painting has been principally inspired by themes concerned with:
(*a*) *classic mythology* (*b*) *religion*
(*c*) *everyday life*

23. Few people know the actual reason why oysters are not served in the summer months — those without "r" in them. It is because:
(*a*) *the oysters refuse to co-operate*
(*b*) *the little fellows hide in the sand*
(*c*) *even the oysters are not without romance; they fall in love, mate, and have babies.*
(*d*) *of habit and custom — no real reason*

24. The skipper favored to win the Anglo-American yacht races in British waters this summer is:
(*a*) *Gerard Lambert* (*b*) *T. O. M. Sopwith*
(*c*) *Harold Vanderbilt* (*d*) *Bob Bartlett*

25. Speaking of Mr. Lambert, his fortune — more than enough to buy a flock of yachts — has come in large measure from a well-known drug product called:
(*a*) *Rem* (*b*) *Lydia Pinkham* (*c*) *Listerine* (*d*) *Vicks*

26. One hears the word "canard" often enough. Please define it:
(*a*) *a French word for duck* (*b*) *a fabricated story*
(*c*) *a funny but true report* (*d*) *political evasiveness*
(*e*) *a sugar lump dipped in brandy*

27. And, just to brush up on history, which one of these peoples once ruled Peru, and was conquered by Pizarro?
(*a*) *the Mayans* (*b*) *the Incas* (*c*) *the Aztecs*

28. He is 6′ 4″ tall, weighs 290 pounds; his wife weighs 95. As a tenor at the "Met," he rarely if ever "swings" his arias and he makes Flagstad seem smaller of figure when warbling Wagner with him. His name:
(*a*) *Martinelli* (*b*) *Werrenrath* (*c*) *Vallee* (*d*) *Pinza*
(*e*) *Melchoir*

29. Most economists would agree that the clearest indication of business' lack of confidence in the future may be found in:
(*a*) *the absence of new financing* (*b*) *cotton prices*
(*c*) *government-bond quotations* (*d*) *chain-store sales*

30. The evidence seems to be that ..... was the first American film which told a story:
(*a*) *The Great Train Robbery* (*b*) *The Birth of a Nation*
(*c*) *The New York Hat* (*d*) *Quo Vadis*
(*e*) *Tillie's Punctured Romance*

31. Remember who it was who said, "Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go"?
(*a*) *Omar Khayyam* (*b*) *Secretary Morgenthau*
(*c*) *Plutarch* (*d*) *Will Rogers*

32. Now that transatlantic air service has commenced, it is interesting to recall who made the first nonstop flight across the ocean, just 30 years ago:
(*a*) *C. A. Lindbergh*
(*b*) *Alcock & Brown* (*c*) *Byrd*
(*d*) *naval seaplane NC4*
(*e*) *Chamberlin & Levine*

33. He was a keen student of folk music, an officer in the Russian navy, composer of a colorful opera of the sea (*Sadko*) and one dealing with the *Arabian Nights* queen (*Scheherazade*). His music is distinguished by rhythmic force and vivid orchestral color. His name is:
(*a*) *Igor Stravinski* (*b*) *Rimski-Korsakov*
(*c*) *Leopold Stokowski* (*d*) *Peter Tchaikovsky*

34. The aviation term "ceiling zero" means:
(*a*) *The fog is lifting.*
(*b*) *The overcast is close to the earth.*
(*c*) *The load is too heavy to gain altitude.*

35. And the Davis Cup matches interest everyone who likes:
(*a*) *golf* (*b*) *yachting* (*c*) *tennis* (*d*) *hockey*
(*e*) *Chinese checkers*

36. Only one of these groups of musical instruments is made up solely from the percussion family:
(*a*) *xylophone, cymbals, castanets*
(*b*) *tuba, trombone, trumpet*
(*c*) *piccolo, oboe, clarinet, bassoon*

37. One of these large denominations recently convened and joyfully gathered its three divisions into one unified body. Recall which one it was?
(*a*) *Presbyterians* (*b*) *Baptists* (*c*) *Methodists*
(*d*) *Republicans* (*e*) *Episcopalians*

38. Particularly in the summer, it's nice to know that the gaits of a three-gaited saddle horse are:
(*a*) *at rest, walk, trot* (*b*) *trot, post, gallop*
(*c*) *walk, trot, canter*

39. There's one false statement here, buried among several truths. Please pick the incorrect sentence:
(*a*) *Martini cocktails are made of ordinary gin and French vermouth.*
(*b*) *The oldest champagne is the best.*
(*c*) *A drink known as the "Micky Finn" will quiet the most belligerent guest.*
(*d*) *Vodka is seldom used in "long" drinks.*

40. Only one of these statements is true:
(*a*) *In winter, lakes freeze from the top down.*
(*b*) *220 is the top score in a bowling game.*
(*c*) Mein Kampf *is to be the basis of a movie.*
(*d*) *Gertrude Stein is an honorary Rotarian.*
(*e*) *Their hats reflect women's subconscious frustrations.*

(*Compiled and edited by* Jo Hubbard Chamberlin)

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The News Abroad

No War Coming

by **VERNON BARTLETT**

THE BRITISH LION was recently described by an American newspaper as "the Lion of least resistance."

In so far as the Lion is represented by the present British Government, this criticism is most unfair. The resistance shown by Mr. Chamberlain to the only possible policy which can get the British Empire out of its present difficulties — namely, an alliance with Russia — has been as stubborn as that of the proverbial mule.

For this stubbornness there are, I think, two reasons.

The one is the dislike of anything to do with communism. The number of excuses that have been made and circulated by Conservatives during recent weeks for the failure to reach an agreement with the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics is quite fantastic. Their prejudice and distrust have closed their ears to the fairly obvious argument that only a war could bring communism to Great Britain; and an impatient French diplomat summed up their attitude well when he remarked that the English and the Russians were behaving like two people who were in the gravest danger but who would not discuss methods of getting out of danger because they had never been properly introduced. That sense of class which induced hundreds of thousands of upper-middle-class Englishmen to support General Franco, despite all the evidence they had of his close connection with Germany and Italy, has become very obvious again, and one begins to realize why left wingers are so convinced that Mr. Chamberlain is at heart a fascist.

But, quite apart from this prejudice against Russia because Russians are or are alleged to be communists, there has been another reason for the delay. Mr. Chamberlain was, I believed, convinced that, once he signed on the dotted line with Stalin, it would be much more difficult for him to discuss peace with Germany — should Germany show any desire for peace. "Appeasement" is not dead — which is a pity.

But the hope of lasting peace is not dead either — which is a blessing. Sooner or later Germany may want to discuss it on level terms, and it is important that there should be no obstacles in the way of this.

Nevertheless, for the time being it is vastly more important that an Anglo-Russo-French treaty of mutual assistance should help to bring about those conditions in which peace discussions would be possible.

I, for one, see no reason for war.

Germany hitherto has made rapid progress toward European hegemony because she has been able to take great risks. The rearmament of other powers and the fear which is helping to bring them together combine to make those risks more and more inadvisable. But that may mean only that Herr Hitler will work more slowly. Despite the tremendous hardships that his people have to face and the undoubted fact that German workers are beginning to display their discontent by sabotage, there is no particular reason to believe that Nazi Germany cannot get her own way.

There is now a sufficiently well-organized "peace front" to make conquest dangerous. But in most cases conquest would be of very little use to the Nazis.

It is far better for them that Denmark, for example, instead of being a German province, should be outside their economic system but so tied up by commercial treaties, signed under the threat of invasion, that the Danes work as much for the Germans as for themselves. There is no such prejudice in the democracies against buying Danish goods as there is against buying German goods.

The Poles, the Jugoslavs, the Hungarians, and others may yet be induced to work for Germany in much the same relationship as that in which the African Negro works for England or France. One can indeed envisage a German empire covering the greater part of the European Continent. Only those very few countries who have not been driven by exchange difficulties into barter agreements with

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Germany will keep their entire independence. A British Government which has to argue at length with Sir John Simon before a hundred thousand pounds or so can be given by way of credit to some small European state is no competent competitor of Germany, whose economy is planned to the last detail.

Hitler, indeed, is in a much stronger position than is generally believed. Germany still has lean years ahead of her, but, after all, each time the food situation becomes so bad that the people grow restive, the government can always cut down its imports of materials for guns and give them butter again. The smaller countries — those who would willingly retain their complete independence but cannot do so because the nations who could afford to give them credits have so little interest in their fate — will have to plan their production to meet Germany's needs and, having done so, will be less able than ever to break away from the German orbit.

It is difficult to believe that a nation trained to fight as the German nation has been trained during the last few years will be able to cut down armaments without war. But there is a great difference between what is difficult and what is impossible. If I am right in my forecast, the time may come when the Führer will convert himself into an apostle of peace and will gain great prestige and power for Germany by so doing.

Recently, for the first time in many months, one has heard people talking about avoiding war — not merely postponing it. But the great obstacle in the way of this avoidance is finding a way to put the war machine into reverse gear. Germany, I believe could do so more easily than the democratic states.

The Führer has but to voice his order, and vast numbers of soldiers are immediately transferred to the construction of roads or civic buildings or model dwellings for workers. For the German, unlike the Englishman, has learned the great truth that the wealth of a nation depends not on the amount of gold stored in the vaults of her national bank but on the brains and muscles of her people.

Try for a moment to picture the outcome of a successful international peace conference.

Once Hitler accepted the idea of such a conference, other statesmen would tend to be conciliatory, because they could not face the prospect of a breakdown so easily as could Hitler, who has less to lose. Their people are not so ready to be spoon-fed by propaganda ministries and to accept the argument that they are driven toward war by the intransigence of their opponents. A breakdown in negotiations would quite probably unite the German people but divide the democracies, for the economic or colonial concessions demanded of the latter would not weigh equally on them all.

We in Great Britain would have our struggle before us, even if international peace were assured.

One of the most important preparations for war, the provision of great arterial roads out of London, has hardly been tackled at all because of the number of private interests that must be satisfied before a house can be razed or a road widened. Thus the very liberties of the individual which we so treasure might, in the stress of disarmament, rob us of all liberty.

One can foresee a struggle far more bitter than any we have known since the last war, between those who hope to set the national finances right by capital levies and those who seek to do so by cutting down social services.

This is not written to depress the reader or feed him a little Nazi propaganda. My object is rather to point out the danger of talking as though the abolition of the immediate danger of war would at once lead to a solution of all our difficulties.

We should not — we dare not — forget that war between nations and rivalry between classes are merely the horizontal and vertical threads of the same pattern. One cannot be dealt with to the exclusion of the other; and, the readier we are to achieve harmony in our social life, the better chance we will have of avoiding war. There are constant stresses and strains as mankind seeks to achieve a larger measure of wealth, health, and security. If the strain becomes too great, solution is sought in war. But, in peace as in war, each system of government is being put to the test. The merit in dictatorship is obedience; in democracies, reason. And, although it is quite true that the German people are discontented, let us not make the all too easy error of imagining that there is no discontent anywhere else. For it is not so certain as some people think that, even if Great Britain can avoid the threatened war, she will also win the longed-for peace.

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Shall We Have 'Union Now'?

A Debate

I—For Our Freedom and Prosperity, Yes!

***by* CLARENCE K. STREIT**

ONE AMONG THE QUESTIONS crowding for our time you and I must answer right and soon. If we fail or wait too long, it threatens to end time for us or for those we love.

We Unionists mean to save both our freedom and our peace by putting behind them all the power that can be powerfully and quickly put and kept behind them. We would begin by uniting our own power with that of other men and women in the world who believe as we do in uniting for the sake of their own individual freedom and peace. To begin still more easily, rapidly, and soundly, we would begin by uniting with as few as we need to save our freedom and lives by thus gaining overwhelming world power from the outset.

For the same reasons, we would begin by uniting with those who have already done the most through history for our own democratic way of life, who are the most experienced in handling the fearfully hard job we have got to do in so little time — that of organizing peacefully, by the give and take and faith and tolerance of mutual agreement, effective common government of, by, and for the democrats of the world.

And so we would begin by uniting our own American Union with the federal Dominion of Canada, the United Kingdom, the French Republic, the Swiss Confederation, Belgium, the united provinces of the Netherlands, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Finland, Ireland, the Union of South Africa, New Zealand, and the Commonwealth of Australia.

What other possible nucleus has such natural bonds to unite such power as this nucleus of fifteen?

It has the great advantage of being grouped (with undecisive exceptions) around that cheap and excellent means of communication, a common body of water.

Racially, culturally, religiously, we democrats of the Atlantic are inextricably interrelated. Language divides us, for all practical political purposes, into only two groups, English and French.

The closest financial and business ties bind our fifteen peoples together. Each already does most of its import-export trade with the other fourteen.

Despite all our rivalries and prejudices, there has been no war between any two of our fifteen since more than one hundred years. There is no parallel in politics to this notable and unnoticed feat that freedom has wrought. Here is proof that democracy makes peace.

Strongest of our bonds is our common idea that the state is made for man. From the Swiss highlands to the Dutch lowlands, from the east to the west shore of the Atlantic and back again, through the English, American, and French revolutions, our fifteen together have made possible the freedom the individual now enjoys where he still enjoys it. Other men and women have no such debt to, no such bond with, each other as have the citizens of these fifteen.

Nor could any other group gain, simply by uniting, such overwhelming world power. Together we own almost half the earth, rule all its oceans, govern nearly half our species. We have more than 50-per-cent control of practically every essential of peace and war. We have almost all the gold and banked wealth and credit. Our existing armed strength is such that, if we merely united it effectively, we should no longer need to increase our armaments. The dictators of Germany, Italy, Japan

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could then no more dream of dictating to any of us than a Mexican dictator could dream of dictating to any of the forty-eight democracies of the United States.

How to unite effectively the fifteen? How better than the way we have already united the forty-eight? We Unionists find no other way nearly so effective, safe, sure, time-tested, as the federal-union way that was invented in Philadelphia in 1787.

II

ONCE THE PEOPLE of thirteen American democracies fought side by side for seven years to make their world safe for democracy. They began by thinking that, to secure the individual's life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness, they must keep each of the thirteen democracies independent of each other and have each maintain its own army, tariffs, and money. To help preserve this setup against outside autocrats they began the United States under the Articles of Confederation as a league of friendship so that "each State retains its sovereignty, freedom and independence."

Their league was like the League of Nations, like all leagues. It was a government of States, for it sought to govern each State as a whole. And so the only way it could enforce its law was through the coercion of some States by other States. As that meant war, its law was not enforced, and there was anarchy. It was a government by States. The voters had no control over the league Congress, for their State governments appointed the delegates to it. Each State government had one vote, regardless of population, since the aim was to keep as equals the States instead of the men in them.

Instead of getting more individual freedom by this system, the people of these democracies got the opposite. They grew poor while their State governments grew powerful.

The money of nearly every State was unstable or depreciated, and States sought to coerce citizens into taking their worthless paper. Misery and unemployment were rife; mobs broke up courts, rose in Shay's rebellion. New Yorkers sought peace and prosperity and freedom by empowering their government to protect their fuel by a tariff on Connecticut wood and their dairymen by duties on New Jersey butter and to mass their army on the Vermont frontier against the army of Massachusetts. Boston then was boycotting Rhode Island goods, and Philadelphia was boycotting New Jersey's money.

The people of no State could control the policy of any other State. Yet when Massachusetts, for example, closed her ports to British shipping, the people of Connecticut, who kept their ports open, were liable to entanglement in any war to which such action might lead. For they were bound by their league of friendship to maintain with arms the right of Massachusetts to do such things, to be free and independent. A secret treaty incensed Spain to the point of threatening war in the South, and that threatened to break the league of friendship in two.

In these conditions, the American people applied again the principles of the Declaration. They abolished this league form of government, which had become destructive of the ends for which they created it, and they invented what we call Union. They hit on the simple idea of making their interstate government like the government of each State in it — a government of the people, by the people, for the people, one whose laws are enforced against individual men as are the State laws, are made by representatives elected by men instead of States, one whose aim is to secure "the blessings of liberty to ourselves" instead of to our States.

To this new federal-union government they gave the same power each State government had to raise money from them individually. They divided all the other powers of government between the Union and the State, according to whether the individual citizen would have freedom, security, peace, and plenty more through the one than the other. They took from each State the right to levy tariffs, issue money, and have an independent army and empowered the Union to handle all this for them. They also gave the Union the postal system and the right to govern interstate communications. They required the Union to guarantee to each State its right to keep independently all the other powers of government. And so, without losing their State citizenship, they gained Union citizenship, the right to trade freely through the whole Union with one stable money, and a powerful defense force to protect all their old and new freedom as individuals.

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III

In two short years they invented and set going this union method of interstate government, and it has been going successfully ever since. It has worked as no other system for governing the relations between the people of different states has ever worked — whether diplomacy's international law, alliances, or leagues. It has worked not only for its inventors but wherever it has been copied — in Canada between the English and French, in the Union of South Africa between the English and Dutch, in Switzerland among the Germans, French, and Italians.

And so we Unionists would now copy it once more. And we would apply around the North Atlantic not only the above principles of the American Constitution but also and even more its expansive principle. We would keep the Union open to all democracies, now or to come, who guarantee their citizens the minimum bill of rights. We would aim clearly at the spreading of this nucleus Union peacefully round the earth.

We would doubly prevent the war that looms. We would make attack hopeless because the Union would be so strong. We would also make attack against it useless because the people under dictatorships could gain everything we ourselves have only by attacking dictatorship, establishing their own rights as men, and joining the Union.

We know it will be hard to make this Union but we believe it visionary to hope still to get results by the alternatives — isolationism, neutralism, alliances, leagues. It does not seem practical to us to devote time to halfway measures which may seem easier to do but cannot get the minimum results we need. We prefer to work hard for a method that, when set up, will get results.

We know, too, that the war seems near and the Union remote, that the odds are against the Union being made in time to prevent war. But we see still less hope of preventing it otherwise and no hope of making the Union in time except by starting now to work hard for it.

We know, also, that, if we fail to make it in time, the ground we gain will not be lost. For war will face us only more sharply with the questions: How are we to organize our relations with the other democracies — on the alliance basis, where our population does not weigh in, or on the Union basis, where it does? What are we going to fight for — the rights of man or the rights of the state?

Such is our answer. Can you, after ten minutes' thought, say, "No," to it?

The greatest obstacle we are finding is not, however, a belief that our answer is wrong but that it is right. Time and again we are told: "Of course you are right, but it's such common sense that you'll never get people to adopt it." Many a man believes he has a monopoly of common sense, that common sense is not common.

But we are finding many more who have no such better-than-thou attitude toward other men, who believe that most men need only have a common-sense proposal put clearly before them to adopt it. These are the Unionists who are working to make the Union idea known to their neighbors.

Not only are they working everywhere in our country but, before the idea had been out two months, they were working for it in Canada, Great Britain, Ireland, France, Switzerland, Sweden, South Africa, India, elsewhere. We believe that an idea's spreading so widely and rapidly of itself is proof of its common sense.

And we American Unionists believe that the fathers of the Constitution would rejoice to know that, only 150 years after their invention of Union, a proposal to extend its principles around the Atlantic as the basis for world government should meet so favorable a response first of all in England and in France, their own late enemy and ally. We wonder what they would think if this Union should not be formed in time because the American people hesitated to lead the world toward it.

We do not believe that the American people are dedicated to neutralism, isolationism, better-than-thou-ism. We do not believe that they will take no for an answer. Certainly we will not. We Unionists mean to carry through the great task remaining before us. We shall go on with increased devotion to that cause for which so many since 1776 have given the last full measure of devotion. We, too, are highly resolved that they shall not have died in vain, that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish but go onward peacefully round the earth.

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II—Union Now Means War Tomorrow

by **QUINCY HOWE**

THERE IS ONLY ONE THING easier to say about Clarence Streit's plan for a union of the democracies than that it will not work. It is that the practical people are always wrong and that the idealists are always right.

But the mere fact that one can always safely dismiss the "common sense" view of such large topics as Mr. Streit discusses does not mean that one can safely accept every visionary scheme for reshaping the world more closely to the heart's desire. For there are visionaries and visionaries, idealists and idealists. The problem in Mr. Streit's case is not to dismiss him as another utopian; it is not even to pick flaws here and there in what he himself would be the first to admit is a tentative plan. The problem is to consider, first, the basic assumptions on which his plan rests and, second, to consider the effect of his "union now" thesis — now.

Mr. Streit takes considerable pains to distinguish his plan for a world organization from other plans that have been put forward, notably the League of Nations and the more recent emergency doctrine of collective security. There is some of the same jealousy here that characterizes the hostility of Communists toward Trotskyists and of rival Protestant sects toward each other's claims. For behind Mr. Streit's proposed union of the democracies lies a conception of world politics as distinctive as the Marxist conception of economics or the Protestant conception of Christianity. And the case against Mr. Streit's proposal cannot go down to fundamentals unless it denies the common assumptions that underlie the case for the League of Nations and for collective security as well.

The past twenty-five years and more have witnessed considerable agitation for leagues to enforce peace, world states, and other international enterprises to eliminate war and spread prosperity. And all these schemes, of which Mr. Streit's is the most recent, have attacked something called "nationalism" as the root of all evil. We also find that these schemes have attracted most attention and support in Great Britain, the United States, and France — in other words, in those nations which enjoy, for various reasons, a singularly privileged position in the world. Under the circumstances, therefore, it has been natural that the various schemes put forward should call for relatively small sacrifices on the part of the more privileged nations and further assume that the principles of government which these privileged nations have adopted can be profitably imposed on the world at large. Mr. Streit has, perhaps, let his chauvinism carry him further than other advocates of world government, for he would apply to the whole world principles that brought national unity to the United States. At which point it might be added in parenthesis that the "founding fathers" did not base their program on any such elaborate historical parallel but created a scheme of government to meet the specific situation at hand.

During the past quarter of a century those who believed that "nationalism" was the root of all international evil have had some opportunity to apply their ideas via the League of Nations and unlimited opportunity to interpret the course of world events. It would be grossly unfair to Mr. Streit or any other enemy of nationalism to say that the failure of the League of Nations or the collapse of collective security has discredited them. It is not, however, amiss or beside the point to remark that they — and by "they" I mean such people as James T. Shotwell, Manley O. Hudson, General Smuts, Wickham Steed, Walter Lippmann, some of whom have endorsed *Union Now* and some of whom have not — have lived to see events mock their prophecies and analyses time and again. The League of Nations, the World Court, the Dawes plan, the Young plan, collective security — effort after effort to conjure away this bogeyman of nationalism has collapsed.

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It is not that these people lack sincerity or good will. Their policies, when they have occupied positions of power, and their prophecies, when they have not enjoyed the power to act, have come to grief because they have lived in a world of dreams. They have acted and talked as if the fifteen democracies to whom Mr. Streit addresses his appeal were controlled by forces more interested in preserving peace than in promoting various group interests. They have almost totally ignored the vast colonial empires of Britain and France, the national-independence movements of India and China, the social unrest in eastern, central, and southern Europe.

II

I HAVE SAID that I do not question the sincerity or good will of these people. Neither do I cast aspersions at their intelligence. All I maintain is that, in so far as they have accepted the black-and-white morality by which Mr. Streit and so many other kindred spirits judge nations, statesmen, and historical movements, they have fallen down on their jobs. And I can claim neither infallibility nor originality in setting forth an alternative set of judgments. Men as different as Winston Churchill and Leon Trotsky or as Charles A. Beard and Joseph Stalin have brought different analyses to bear — super-Tory, Marxist, economic-deterministic, as the case might be — with a far higher percentage of accuracy. Churchill and Stalin have not hesitated to advocate the use of the League machinery to promote the interests of their respective countries, but they have never paid more than lip service, if that, to the ideology of the bourgeois world state. And Beard and Trotsky have called the turn on more than one international development that had not been dreamed of in Mr. Streit's philosophy.

But the mere fact that the type of analysis offered by Mr. Streit has seldom if ever made sense does not mean that his plan for a union of the democracies can be dismissed as idle vapor. On the contrary. Whether or not a serious attempt is actually made to put it into effect, the assumptions on which it rests cannot fail to wreak incalculable damage on the world at large. For, in so far as they gain acceptance, they will give aid and comfort to those forces throughout the world that are now engaged in waging a losing battle to protect the *status quo*, even if we all go fascist — as Britain and France are already doing — in the attempt.

It goes without saying that such an outcome is the last thing in the world Mr. Streit himself wants, but it is difficult to see how any other outcome can result. Little that has happened during the past quarter of a century supports the assumption that the present rulers of the great colonial empires, of our own American plutocracy, and of the smaller, more democratic states of northern Europe can rally together for any other purpose than to protect what they now possess in the way of wealth, territories, and social institutions. At the moment the chief enemy would seem to be the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo "axis," and the immediate danger is war. At some future date, however, the danger may well assume a different form, the form of social revolution, whether or not war intervenes.

In other words, Mr. Streit, like the supporters of the League of Nations and collective security before him, is pleading in effect for a grand alliance to preserve the *status quo*. That this is not his intention in no way alters the case; look at the record and see how in England, for example, the National Government has now turned the very policy for which the Laborites and Liberals were pleading only a year and even six months ago into such an obviously imperialist device that the unfortunate Laborites have to vote against the very measures they were advocating when the need was less urgent than it is now. If the United States wishes to avoid picking up another war where the last one left off and to steer clear of a grand crusade against social changes that are overdue in both Europe and Asia, she will preserve an attitude of rigid isolation toward any such scheme as Mr. Streit suggests.

Next month:
an international police force
as a basis for world peace

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The Women Men Marry

by **SHAILER U. LAWTON**

AMONG THE MORE DANGEROUS fallacies popular today, there is the notion that any American male who lets his mind function when he selects a wife is a crass materialist.

Should he have the temerity to disregard his pulse rate while he does some cool thinking about his prospective wife, he is called "calculating" by the many who hold that a leaping pulse is the only safe guide to marriage.

His friends will shake their heads and say: "Good old Don! Cagey, isn't he?"

Now, were the gentleman in need of a secretary, no one would criticize his zeal in investigating the applicant — her integrity, reliability, disposition, and ability to perform her secretarial duties. One would call him lacking in caution, rather, should he fail to follow up her references or neglect to estimate her ability to adjust her nine-to-five life to his. He might even care to know something of her habits and inclinations — and this would be no more than discreet of him. Picking a personal secretary takes time; it shouldn't be hurried.

But, when it comes to selecting a wife, the same canny business executive who is noted for his cautious acumen in choosing his business associates is condemned by society if he employs common sense before responding utterly to the dictates of his senses.

Strange it is that the mores which are chiefly planned to place a conventional bridle on a man's biologic impulses are influencing him to substitute blind, primitive urges for his powers of thought and reason. They insist that he shall feel first and cerebrate afterwards, often when it is too late.

While he has scoffed at marriage, the normal man has in nine cases out of ten been waiting for that fabulous creature, the Right Woman. He has not consciously sought her, because he has been indoctrinated from childhood with the belief that inevitably they will meet. If, through this mythogenesis, he feels he is "in love with" a girl, he has reason enough for blundering into marriage without first studying his master motive. Frequently he marries a showpiece who represents for him a mark of his alleged wealth, power, and taste.

The overstudious grind marries the thrill chaser; the gentle philosopher, the soapbox shouter; the successful businessman, the dreamy artist; the radical agitator, the placid housewife — all marriages made in flights from reality, to compensate for momentary moods, to catch the ephemera of emotional security.

Into this halcyon haze, no such drab factors as race, education, economic pressure, temperament, or mothers-in-law are permitted to intrude. They have so little to do with the marriage relationship! With his combination of Phryne and Aspasia by his side, the love-befuddled man takes it for granted that the complexities of life which lately have been nagging him will disappear. Integrity of character, stability of purpose, kindness of heart — he just knows she has them! Chivalry forbids an analysis of these fundamental qualities in the women men marry. Any minor faults which they may have will be dissolved automatically by the abracadabra of the wedding ceremony.

But what happens when *dolce far niente* fades and the impetuous male comes back to the business of ordinary living?

If we are to believe statistics, he becomes one of the figures juggled to prove that three out of every four American marriages are unsuccessful and that the average duration of happiness in marriage is four years. He is a guinea pig for the psychiatrist, for judges, and for members of the clergy who have lately been studying the problems of marital discord. He appears, anonymously, as a case in the deluge of books and articles dealing with the troubles that beset young married people from the first quarrel, the first blonde, or the first baby.

But who in this psychological laboratory has

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had the foresight to trace a difficulty to the *first meeting* and to attest that a man and a woman who in their emotional and mental outlook are antagonistic and who have been conditioned from birth in opposite directions can seldom become a well-mated pair?

Psychiatrists, it is true, have recognized the importance of conflict not only as the origin of many nervous disorders but as a barrier to marital adjustment. Two people cannot live in the midst of emotional strife and live comfortably and completely. This disturbed state includes a long list of opposing situations, mental and moral subjection, fear, anger, and, later, indifference and the gradual severing of the ties that were formed, in many cases, while these romantics were floundering in the sticky seas of sentimentality, influenced by catch phrases — "love at first sight," "we were made for each other," "my heart [never my *head*] tells me so" — the illusion-draped burden of every penny-dreadful play, song, and story of American life.

Often it is maintained by those marriage counselors who hold a behavioristic view that *any* marriage can be successful; that all women are alike, fundamentally; and that the husband, if he will seek it, can find in his wife a realistic interpretation of his most extravagant ideal. But what harassed victim of prolonged domestic infelicity and sex strain has the wisdom, patience, and technique to make this exploration? And will there not always be a personal clash of taste and temperament, of concepts and habits — all impossible to overcome when a man is completely out of harmony with the type of woman he has married?

Classic Errors

There is "Tom Parkinson," labor-relations counsel, whose job it is to avert strikes, analyze friction between bosses and the men they hire, and smooth the ruffled surfaces of American business. So successful is he that his name is known in every State and his annual income has soared into the plutocratic brackets.

Yet this hard-bitten realist said to me, discussing his own marital upset: "Doctor, I don't see how you can ever regard a woman romantically. You know so much about her — mind and body."

This fear is comparable, of course, to the fantasies of the daydreamer who refuses to associate the stuff of his dreams with reality. It is fear lest the knowledge that this superior woman of his choice be given to chronic asthma, a bad disposition, fallen arches, or masochism should destroy the emotional calescence in which he is basking.

In Tom's case, three tempestuous years of marriage to "Pamela" Parkinson, followed by a sensational divorce, failed to act as a disciplinary measure for his kind of muddled thinking. Months later he was still wondering why he did not make a success of his marriage.

Tom had met Pamela on a West Indian cruise which, at my suggestion, he had taken to avoid a nervous collapse from overwork. With energies at low ebb, he exposed himself to the full force of the girl's dark, decadent charm. That they were married two days later in Havana (his cable to me: "HAVE MARRIED THE ONE WOMAN") was proof enough that, despite his professional training, Tom had failed to provide himself with any standard by which to judge his own emotions objectively.

Within a month, Tom and Pamela were glaring at each other across a gulf of temperamental discordance. Tom, naturally gregarious and with more than his share of social pride, had married this girl of rare loveliness in order to parade his prize before an admiring universe. His wife, on the other hand, profoundly introverted and the victim of a series of nervous disorders, used marriage as a means of escape from a world which was too harsh for her; she hoped to hide behind Tom's expansive personality.

Failure of this marriage was inevitable. Tom acquired no precious possession to place on exhibition. Pamela found no emotional bulwark for her life struggle. He called her a whining ingrate; she called him a callous brute.

But, in the same breath, this peculiar husband said to me: "She was so beautiful, Doctor, that, when she entered a room, every man was stunned with envy."

The case of "Theodore Alvin," professor of mathematics in one of our leading universities, is that of a man whose illusion of youth at its ruddiest so befogged his vision that, at forty, this scientist eloped with the youngest and prettiest female student in his freshman class. At nineteen, she made him "feel young" again. Instead of facing the reality of the fact that he had passed his first youth, Alvin sought con-

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solation by means of fantasy and romancing.

That you can't take a man who thrives on the equations of Einstein and mate him with a young *rumba* enthusiast with the emotional adjustment of a child of ten was brought home to my friend while on his honeymoon in the Swiss Alps. He measured mountains while the bride raged with boredom and wept for her classmates.

His protest against advancing age — real or imaginary — turned to a protest against the girl's childish behavior. He limited her freedom.

The girl, writhing under the repression, went to almost any lengths to spite her husband. Later, her escapades with men students and her rude treatment of faculty wives cost Alvin his university post.

Often, sensitive men who suffer from a sense of inadequacy and are unwilling to enter the competitive struggle for the things they want marry women who at first sight seem to fill these empty corners.

I remember "David King," an earnest soul who from early boyhood wanted to go on the stage. But an abnormal timidity conjured up imaginary difficulties and terrors, lest he fail to make good, and he became a clerk in a law office instead. He gratified his theatrical desires by attending first nights and by following dramatic reviews and articles.

I was not surprised when I heard he had married a young actress, a member of a second-string Shakespearean troupe, since such a marriage offered him a vicarious taste of the grapes which were beyond his reach. It was "love at first sight" on seeing her, nicely jangled, as Ophelia.

At the bride's suggestion, a vacation was spent in a rustic cabin in the Canadian woods, a retreat far from dusty theaters, rough managers, and tiresome hours. There David did the housework, cooked meals, and listened to his "Margot" reading plays. She did classical dancing in woodland spaces; she wore trailing Grecian robes and veils. David was in an agreeable position. No longer was he in conflict with his ideal; he *had* his ideal.

Back in town and living with Margot in a three-room flat, he faced the consequences of his flight from reality. She slept until noon, when she demanded her breakfast and her husband's limitless attention. She was petulant, spoiled, unfastidious, and given to small lies. She spoke vaguely of possible engagements, but nothing came of them. David's wife was of the theater but not in it. He tried to carry on his job normally, but his domestic situation interfered until he was asked to resign. Margot divorced him and is now claiming alimony on David's salary from a second-rate job.

Use Your Head!

And what is a possible method whereby a man can incline himself to use his intellectual faculties and not his unreasoning emotions when he takes a wife?

First, *by a clear understanding of the nature of the ideal he is trying to see as reality*. This woman is a stubborn fact, you know, not a creature *in nubibus*. Set the brakes on the biologic drive while you examine the temper of the stimulus!

Second, *by educating his mind until he has an intuitive appreciation of character*. At this point, he may have to haul down the standard of Aucassin while he subjects the girl to critical analysis. What is her quotient — physical, emotional, intellectual, social, moral, spiritual? Don't try to harmonize facts with wishes!

Third: *by knowledge of the interdependence of the male and the female*. While he may be a well-set-up bachelor with a bent for living alone, he will never be completely pleased with himself until he has a mate around to see his superior endowment, estimate it verbally, respond to it emotionally, and, in turn, to give him a chance to respond to her equally desirable qualifications.

Fourth, *by honest recognition of his own temperamental requirements*. Be careful, lest the concept of self be colored by the sentimentalism and romanticism of the nineteenth century. The girl who is just like your mother, the knotty-muscled woman athlete, the recluse with Isolde's white hands, the docile "yes woman" with no intellectual activity — before you make up your mind, ask yourself: Does this woman fit my personal needs, or is she a delusion of desire?

True, a man may not select his lineage, his forebears, or the color of his eyes, but he may, if he is wise, choose his wife through a process of enlightened thinking and not blind feeling; and, on the rare occasions when this effort is made, courageous and unshackled people may achieve union with one another in civilized awareness and complete beauty.

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GEORGE AIKEN: New England's Favorite Son

by **ROBERT R. MULLEN**

SOMEBODY HAS SAID that visiting Vermont is a spiritual experience, like going to church. At no time of the year is this truer than in summer, after nature has rolled up her white carpet and laid down her green. The sound of rushing freshets mingles with the aroma of pine wafted down from the Green Mountains, contributing to a sense of peace and simplicity that transforms even a little valley town of neat white houses, a few stone banks, a brick hotel or two, and many churches into a village of special charm — just such a village as Montpelier.

Should you stand in front of the hotel about quarter to eight most any morning, gazing up across the maple-shaded lawn at the Statehouse, with its statue of Ethan Allen atop the golden dome, it is likely that a certain studious-appearing man would pass you, his face buried in a newspaper. If you observed him at all, you might conclude he must be busy to have to read as he paced along. You might also notice he had a rubber on one shoe but not the other. Absent-minded, you might decide. As you looked at the back of his neat blue suit, there would be nothing to distinguish the man or the suit from those other men who patronize the thirty-five-dollar rack or from the suits that hang on it.

This would be George David Aiken, who is not only Governor of Vermont and Yankeeland's favorite son for the 1940 Republican presidential nomination but also one of the world's really outstanding authorities on the subject of wild flowers.

POLITICS WAITS ON HORTICULTURE

FOLLOW THIS GENTLEMAN up to the State-house corridor and you see him give the time clock a spin as he glances approvingly at the cards of State employees on the job well before the official eight.

Follow him upstairs into his enormous office, its cream walls covered with oils of former governors. He tosses his felt hat on a big divan; a shock of white hair surges individualistically forward. You look at his face — kindly eyes, a humorous droop to the lips, deep lines hinting dignity, soberness, character: a five-foot-eight Lincoln.

He smiles, a friendly, bashful sort of Will Rogers grin. You know immediately why everybody from the waitress at the hotel coffee shop to Alfred Landon calls him "George," why he could charmingly dedicate a book on wild flowers (a serious book, giving the most precise information about the rarest flowers and filled with Latin names) to "Peter Rabbit in the hope that flattery will accomplish what traps and guns have failed to do and that the little rascal will let our plants alone from this time on."

He sits behind the widest walnut desk in Vermont and starts at the top of his sizable pile of mail. You look over his shoulder.

A letter from Cotton Ed Smith, suggesting some speeches in the South.

A note with the University Club of Chicago monogram — another speech.

A letter from Governor Baldwin of Con-

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necticut — about a meeting on flood control.

A schoolteacher in Tulsa wishes he could do something to stop the WPA from humiliating men by making them work under red-white-and-blue signs that label them failures.

A woman in Alaska has read in a horticultural magazine that he is collecting strange plants; she is sending him a box of bunchberry clippings, "something you have probably never seen."

"Bosh," grins George; "Vermont's full of them."

Politicians on the other side of the door and the mail on the desk can wait, if you will only talk to George about wild flowers. For years he has been conducting a one-man campaign to foster more extensive cultivation of our native American flowers, the Hepaticas, bloodroots and columbines that welcomed the Pilgrims to New England; the showy lady's-slipper that pointed the way to the Jesuits of France; the poppy mallow that sprawled on the baking Western plains.

He has a certain feeling about wild flowers. In them he sees represented some quality of beauty and bright joy that the world needs. His defense of them is connected — consciously or unconsciously — with the Vermonter's traditional suspicion of city folks. The first thing city people do is pick or, worse, pull all the wild flowers. George feels that, if people can get to love and appreciate the wild flowers, a barrier will have been lowered.

Then, too, wild flowers were George's first love. Turn back forty-one years and to a certain ancestral Vermont farm in Putney, fifty miles over the hills from Calvin Coolidge's place. On this farm it was the job of eight-year-old George and his dog, Shep, to get the cows out of the pasture and down for milking every night. At the far end of the pasture was a wood lot — sugar maple, birch, hop hornbeam, and pignut hickory. And in this woodlot grew quantities of the most beautiful flowers those young eyes had ever seen — spring beauties, squirrel corn, and Dutchman's-breeches — "which," says the Governor, "so entranced the young man that occasionally it was necessary for some older member of the family not only to come after the cows but Shep and me as well."

He dug up a clump of those Dutchman's-breeches — his first gardening venture — and they lived outside his window for twenty years, until the suckers of a lilac finally obliterated them.

Life on a Vermont farm at the turn of the century was pretty much what it is today — a long tramp through the snow to the one-room schoolhouse in the winter, weeding gardens and selling vegetables to the summer people in vacation time. But there is fun, too — nights when the neighbors gather around the parlor organ and sing; those first warm days when the sap pumps up through the maples and you throw a little of the boiling sirup on some snow and eat it quick, as one melts and the other crystallizes.

He Made Good in the Garden

At the age when other boys were going off to college or to aim at a fortune in the city, George concluded he couldn't be happy away from the farm. He borrowed one hundred dollars and, with George M. Darrow, now senior pomologist of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, he went into the raspberry-raising business.

They were good farmers, too good. Before they knew it, they were afflicted with a bad case of overproduction. This was before the days of Mr. Wallace, so they couldn't plow under; they had to start selling their raspberry rakes. This put them into the nursery business.

Their establishment grew into five hundred acres, with a reputation for sturdy decorative shrubs, shade trees, and plants. George obtained full ownership, married Beatrice Howard, a Vermont girl who loved the flowers, too. They spent their honeymoon at the State Grange meeting.

One day they were plowing up a new field, and it distressed George because it meant turning under about seven hundred trailing-arbutus plants. The hired men argued they couldn't be moved. (As a matter of fact, probably more people have failed in trying to grow the trailing arbutus than with any other North American wild flower. One reason is that the stems form a carpet over the ground, and many people pick a portion of these stems, missing the actual roots.)

George made a careful study of the plants, analyzing the soil and growing conditions; then he arranged a special plot near his house, mixing in half a pound of aluminum sulphate

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to each square yard of soil to make it very acid. He dug up a sizable ball of earth with each plant and moved it carefully to the new plot. Over the plants he erected an arbor made of laths, so they would have the shade they require.

There was plenty of rain, and George waited, expecting them to grow readily.

Some of them did, but others were threatened with being buried beneath little ridges of ground that formed in a manner that was inexplicable until George discovered that the evenly spaced laths allowed the rain to drip down into well-ordered furrows. He substituted branches for the laths and thereby learned that nature has reason in all things, even unto the shape of branches.

The arbutus grew very well. George put an ad in the paper offering plants for $7.50 a dozen ("I had my Yankee nerve about me," he says), and before he knew it he was in the wild-flower business. His trailing-arbutus seeds and cuttings have been ordered from every part of the world.

Somebody said he couldn't grow trotlilies, that nobody ever had. George put some in, watched them, discovered the only reason they "couldn't" grow was that their roots are a delicacy relished by mice and chipmunks. "The lesson in this," says George with a sly smile, "is that when you have something good you must guard it well, or the rodents will run off with it."

The bitterroot was another lesson. This grows on hot plains, and people always said it couldn't thrive in the East. George tried it. About the last of May, the plant dried up and to all appearances was lost; but George decided to leave it in the ground. Sure enough, at the end of the hot spell it bloomed out again. The plant simply takes a siesta during the hot, dry months. The lesson was plainly that, if things don't flower as soon as you might wish, just let them alone a while longer.

George became almost a zealot in urging folks to grow wild flowers, but he was a genial zealot. At garden clubs and Grange meetings he would give talks on flowers. To get folks to listen, he would weave in little homely anecdotes or tell the listeners his troubles. One story was about the time he was short for his payroll and had to sell his old car. It had been sitting in the barn quite a spell, George being low on gasoline. When the buyer came over for his $37.50 bargain, he sat down jauntily in the seat and reached for the switch but never laid hold of it. He leaped from the car, instead, with more haste than grace. The seat, it turned out, was full of bees.

George became a popular neighbor, a leader in the Boy Scouts, a President of the Vermont Horticultural Society, Master of the Grange. When he had four children, a fairly prosperous business, and a reduced mortgage, he decided to run for the Legislature. This is an old family custom. His father served four terms; his grandfather and great-grandfather also made the trek to Montpelier.

George was elected. The field for his wild-flower lectures was expanded. He probably shook hands with every garden-club member, every member of the Ladies' Aid in Vermont. Thus, when in 1936 the imp of ambition whispered in his ear, he was able to run for governor and get elected with even more than the usual substantial Republican margin. A Republican governor was something of a national novelty in '36, so George got his picture in a few newspapers in other sections of the country.

'That Speech'

But not very much was heard of him outside of Vermont until February, 1938. Then the National Republican Club, thinking that a successful Republican would be a treat for discouraged Republican spirits, acquired George Aiken as the chief speaker for its annual Lincoln Day banquet — expecting, no doubt, some complacent platitudes anent rugged individualism.

George borrowed a suit of tails and a white tie and took the train for New York. It was quite a night, both for the Republicans and for George. He didn't talk about wild flowers — the grand ballroom of the Waldorf discourages that — but he did talk about simple things, about Abe Lincoln and the burgeoning of the Republican Party out in Ripon, Wisconsin, all those years ago; how the farmers wanted a party that would protect them from the

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cheap slave labor down South; how the G.O.P. had become the rallying point for mankind's age-old and insatiable longing for shorter hours and higher pay.

It was a surprising sort of speech, in a way, to come from a Yankee from the hills. It sounded more like a voice from the steel mill or dust-bowl farm. There was scorn in his voice as he reviewed the membership of the Republican committee on policy. "Why, Lincoln would have been ashamed of such leadership," he said.

Probably you saw the headlines: "Aiken says Lincoln Would Have Been Ashamed of G.O.P." Things were pretty warm in the Waldorf for a few minutes. Bruce Barton had been scribbling on his menu while Aiken was lashing Tom Girdler. He got to his feet and fired back at Aiken; so did Arthur Ballentine, Undersecretary of the Treasury in Hoover days. But George, after a final blink for the photographers, slipped out to see *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*.

You mention that speech to him today and tell him that some of the G.O.P. chieftains have him down as a sort of stormy petrel, and he laughs. A few minutes' more conversation, during which he puts his feet up on the big desk just to show you he is really a mellow, friendly fellow, and you begin to piece together his political philosophy. It has a pretty definite pattern, all based on historical development.

He asks you to look back at England a hundred years ago, just after the power looms started their peculiar slavery for women and children. Technological progress sprinted ahead of social progress, until there came a period of catching up — shorter hours, better pay, trade unions, an end to debtors' prisons, and the rest.

Just in recent years, George says, we have had further technological development and we saw such paradoxes as a big weekly magazine boasting about its latest-style presses on one page, while the same presses printed a bitter attack on new humanitarian legislation on another page. George tells you that increased security for old folks, unemployment compensation, distribution of money to widowed mothers so they can keep their families together, progressively higher wages and shorter hours for all workers are demands of the times and must inevitably be met. In these points he is as liberal as any New Dealer.

But there is a difference. He counts the cost. It is his idea that any social-security program which penalizes, through taxes or otherwise, one section of the population more than it benefits another is not secure. He looks for wisdom in carrying these projects out in a way that doesn't cause needless dislocation or spending beyond our means. He points to Vermont's example along such lines as proof that it can be done.

Vermont had its old-age-assistance machinery set up and ready to co-operate with the federal government with the first group of eight States. This program is administered at a 3-per-cent cost! This is by far the lowest administrative cost in the nation.

Vermont was one of the first States to co-operate with the various agencies set up under the social-security act and has met her unemployment benefits on time from the first day they became due.

"We had a State housing act ready," says Governor Aiken, "before the federal government perfected its own legislation. We have a law giving the workingman, the small businessman, the merchant the same right to temporary receivership that corporations enjoy. We have progressive schools, modern State institutions, a good system of State parks and highways and yet we are old-fashioned enough to pay our bills."

Getting Along with the Folks

George is at his best at a church supper. He belongs to no particular church himself, yet is as much a Puritan as John Endicott himself — or perhaps, as a better comparison, the insurgent Puritan, Roger Williams. George neither drinks nor smokes and swears only when greatly provoked (but then fervently).

It was a drizzling night; the maple logs had thrown a musty, smoky atmosphere over the church basement. It was a father-and-son supper. Women of the auxiliary served cold pork and mashed potatoes and apple pie.

George was talking with a dairy farmer. "Go down to Boston," he urged; "sell your

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milk direct to the housewife. Ring her doorbell; tell her why your milk is good, where it comes from, and how careful you are with it. Get her into a consumer's co-operative. The only farmers making any money are those in the producers' co-operatives. Why not go the whole route?"

After dinner, the men's chorus sang the Lord's Prayer and the whole crowd went upstairs into the church auditorium.

George was introduced, and stood beside the pulpit. He started talking about the heating plant in the girl's reformatory. It needed replacing. It was old; the boiler leaked; repairs hadn't held. A new one would cost fifty thousand dollars.

The need was plain. The people understood it.

"Now," said George, "while we are on this subject, I hope you folks won't forget to help the 4-H clubs along — and the Boy Scouts. It costs $9.68 to give a girl 4-H training for a year. It costs $497.40 to keep a girl in a reformatory a year. Now, saving money isn't the whole story, of course, but it's something to keep in mind when they come around and ask you for a donation to keep these twigs from bending."

Then, George talked about the roof at another State institution, explaining why it needed new shingles.

They understood him. They had had experience with shingles themselves.

When George had finished, he had outlined several such simple projects, but they all added up to half a million dollars, and that was why he wanted a bond issue. He had their support.

Saving Vermont from the United States

It was after the Lincoln Day address in New York that the letters began to come to George's desk and the political commentators began to include him in their lists of "possibilities."

The thing that counted most against him in the eyes of many Republicans was that he seemed more critical of the Old Guard wing of his own party than of the New Deal. But that was before the flood-control fight, before George had a chance to demonstrate how really easy, by comparison, he had been on the Old Guard, before George had uttered the States' rights battle cry.

It's an issue, of course, as old as the nation. Calhoun thundered for it; Jeff Davis and the South died for it. George now has $67,500 of Vermont's money to take up the battle where old Jeff left off. The New Deal and the floods have ended the Civil War, so far as Vermont is concerned.

There have been three serious floods in New England since 1927, and there has been talk for a decade of doing something to control them. The work must be done, principally, on the tributaries of the Connecticut, mostly in Vermont and Massachusetts. Surveys progressed peaceably enough, and it was supposed that in the due course of time and Harold Ickes' disposition the dams would be built.

A year ago, Washington sent up the agreements for Vermont to sign. George read them, puzzled over the legal phraseology. It appeared that the federal government wanted the land scot-free, wanted evacuation of several early American farmsteads (something exceedingly distasteful to Vermonters), also surrender of power rights, present and future.

George said no.

Washington made some small concessions, and the affair became a battle of interpretations, with reservations on both sides.

George said the projects as planned by the government carried a definite threat to a large number of the southern valleys of the State, where in recent years considerable summer colonies have sprung up.

Washington came back with the charge that George was protecting the power interests, who were fearful the New Deal was planning a junior TVA in New England.

George replied that God didn't make the streams and valleys to be used as experimental toys for the Brain Trusters; nor did He make them for the power companies. George indicated he was ready to fight both. Finally, he agreed to let the War Department go ahead and build the dams, power and all, but inserted the proviso that Vermont in no way surrendered her rights in future projects or accepted the legal precedent that Washington was empowered to come in and take what it wanted.

Apparently this was the crux of the whole matter, for Washington turned him down cold.

There were a few reports that the War Department would go ahead without the State's

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permission. George called the Vermont House and Senate into joint session and addressed them:

> For more than a year I have warned that behind the flood control, behind the power development, was a deliberate attempt to prepare the way for a little group of men to run things their way — good sometimes, bad sometimes — but always their way, forgetting that a check with the home folks and their wishes is not only good practical horse sense but the very essence of democracy. By spurning our offer of co-operation for legitimate purposes the Secretary of War has stripped the situation of all pretense. He is evidently impatient with democracy. We can only conclude that neither flood control nor water power but domination is the federal government's secret motive.

The Legislature voted him the war chest.

The next day he flew to Boston, where he met the other five New England governors; and a united ultimatum went down to Washington.

President Roosevelt said he would spend the flood money elsewhere, and the issue is still hanging fire.

Up in Vermont there are whispers that George may try to call a constitutional convention of the States to redefine the powers of the federal government. It would be the first time in history such a thing was done.

Politically, this flood-control row had more consequence than just the national publicity it brought in. The New England governors are all Republicans. Each is a dominant political voice in his own State. They are now united behind Aiken's flood-control stand, and he is their leader in it. Should it develop before the Republican national convention that George Aiken has a chance for the nomination, it is conceivable that these governors would back him. This would presumably mean approximately one hundred votes for him out of the convention's thousand.

Not in Any Hurry

George is a gentle sort of fellow. Some of his friends worry because he isn't much of a "pusher."

Just now they are saying that, if he wants to be President, he should do something sensational, something designed to win the popular imagination and override any "old guard" resistance to a liberal candidate — something like taking Vermont off the WPA!

Then, there is talk to the effect that one of the Vermont senators might retire and let George go to Washington via special election. It would give him a chance to use the big sounding board.

But, when you ask George about these things, he proves he isn't half so naïve as some of his friends appear to think.

"We've had too much of politics for expediency," he says, "too much doing things for ballyhoo rather than for the principles of right and honesty and progress involved. I know that in the end the best principles will also be the most expedient."

You press him about his plans, and he gives you another flower lesson.

"Out in the Rockies," he says, "there is a pine tree whose cone drops to the earth but doesn't release its seeds. This cone lies there a hundred or a hundred and fifty years, maybe longer. Then one day a forest fire sweeps over the land. It burns everything to a crisp. It also causes this particular kind of a cone to open; so, soon after the fire, there is a sturdy crop of young pines sprouting up. Now, when you have a Great Planner like that on the job, the one that thought up those pine cones, why should I be fretting about what's going to turn up for me?"

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I Risked My Neck

Army Aviation Is No Picnic

by **RICHARD G. HUBLER**

MAC'S YEARLY LETTER came only a short time ago. It was scrawled with a dribbling pen on the finest of air-corps stationery — stationery with a tiny green rip cord to open the envelope. He wrote:

> Everything here as usual. The guys eat a lot and sleep more. Sometimes they talk about you and wish they were as lucky. But nothing much else.
>
> They sent Higgins' and Sherrod's bodies home last week. Horseface and Jack were flying Boeings, in formation, five thousand feet up. Jack was second on the right flank and Horseface was just beside and above him. Miller was with Horseface as observer.
>
> Well, you know how they fool around. Horseface waggled his wings to scare Miller — he was always scared about that stuff, remember? — and got caught in Jack's slipstream. When you're going at 180 and have five feet between your wingtip and the tail of the ship ahead of you, it's a damn slim safety margin. Jack never knew what hit him. The slip pulled Horseface right into his tail surfaces and the two of them crumpled together. Miller, always near the door, screamed and jumped. The wing knocked him cold as it came around, but he must have pulled his rip cord because he woke up in the meatwagon.
>
> They had a tough time making Jack and Horseface look right for their families — but it wasn't a bad job. Miller's in the hospital still. He won't fly again. Nerves.
>
> So long, fellow. See you around, some time, hey?

I folded the letter carefully and slipped it in my desk. Mac wouldn't see me again — not at Randolph Field or Kelly, at any rate. I was through flying for Uncle Sam. There were easier though less exhilarating ways of committing suicide.

No thrill in the world can compare with flight, but man must have the mental equipment ready to face the ordeal that any land animal, taking off into another element, is forced to undergo. Our army, with the highest standards of physical fitness in the world, demanding the cream of the crop, has no word for that other ingredient that must ultimately prove the most powerful. Three quarters of each class of flying cadets "wash out" — discharged from service. "Insufficient flying ability," reads each such record. It might be more accurate and fair if it read simply: "Fear."

Four years ago, I joined the army. An impulse was all the reason I had.

The Quaker college I attended was rated one of the best in the East. But I was never a model student. My marks were acceptable enough, occasionally brilliant. But I was restless. College seemed to me a nursery where we built for the fun of knocking down. I was anxious to get out.

In May of my last year, a friend was telling me of the army flying school. "Toughest physical exam in the world," he said. "Only a hundred and fifty out of a hundred and fifty thousand make it each year."

"Hooey," I remarked absently. "I bet even I could pass it."

"Five will get you ten!"

Those ten dollars were the hardest money I ever earned.

A PRELIMINARY ORDEAL

ONE MONDAY MORNING eight other candidates and I arrived at Mitchell Field, Long Island, and went through a routine that tested every cell of our bodies. We jumped and skipped and fell flat. They pounded our knees with rubber hammers, made us stand blindly on tiptoe with arms outstretched, took blood and pulse counts, explored us with probe and lancet.

They didn't want any giants or young Tarzans. They didn't care if we were slightly underdeveloped. But they wanted instantaneous reaction, cool poise, cockiness, and a pair of wizard eyes.

Of all the tests, the eye examinations were the hardest.

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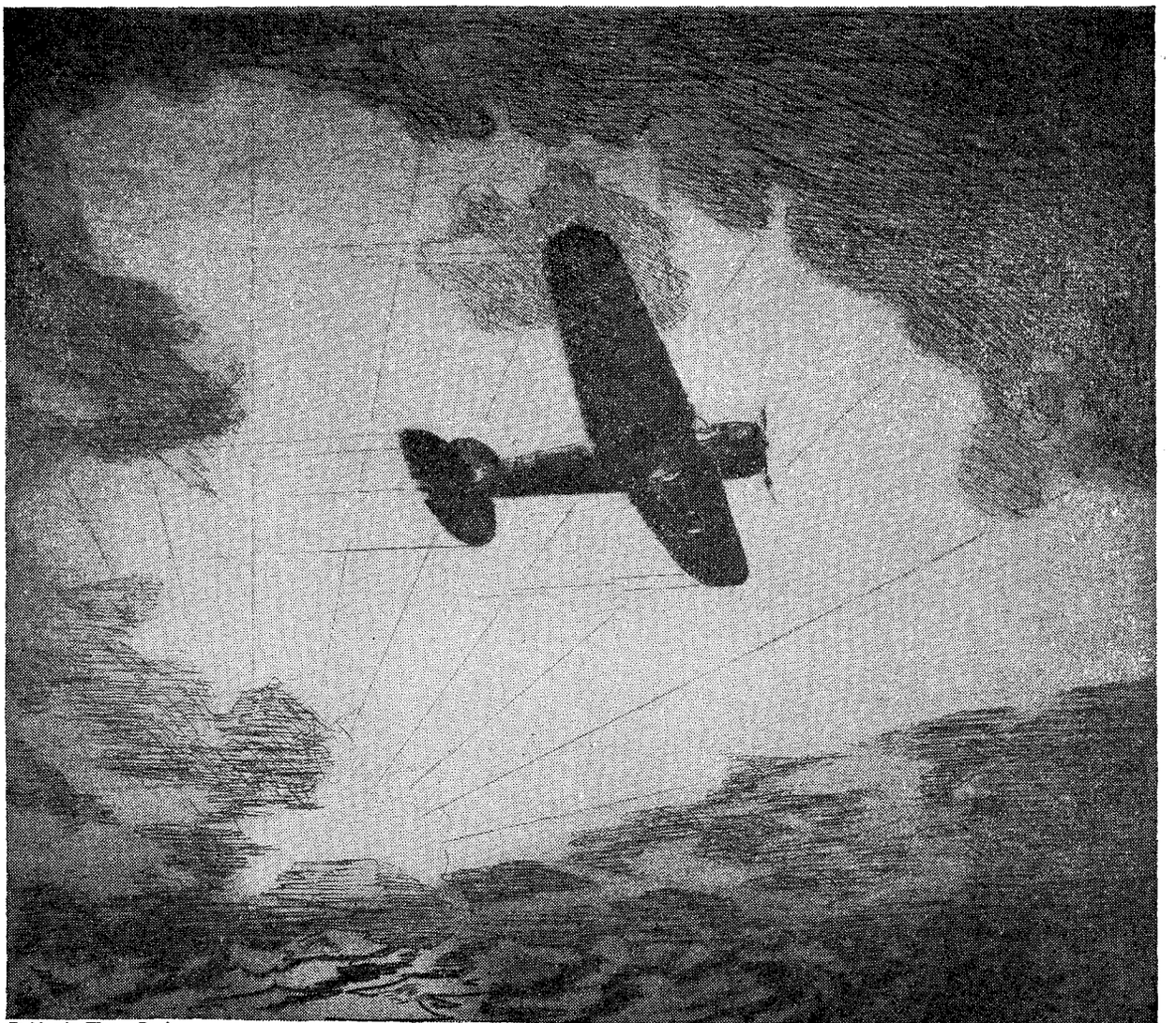

Etching by Wayne Davis *Courtesy of the Schwartz Galleries*

I stared at a huge card covered with red, green, and yellow spots for fifteen minutes, trying to read numbers that appeared dimly behind them. When I came to the last space, a cold hand turned my stomach upside down. I was color-blind! "I can't s-see any number," I stammered.

The attendant grinned. "Okay; there isn't any there." Putting a ruler to my nose, he ran a stereoptical device close to my pupils: "Whaddya see?"

"I'm sorry. It's all blurry."

"Have another squint."

I managed to read some wavering letters, and he was satisfied.

He pushed me into a dark room, with a long black box in the center. In front of me were two strings connected with two upright black sticks, moving parallel to each other in the box. "See those, kid?" he demanded. "Pull those strings until the sticks are opposite each other."

I sat down and concentrated on those two toothpicks until the tears ran down my cheeks. I tried to see some shadow or reflection that would give me a clue to their relative positions, but there was none. Finally, out of sheer exhaustion, I stopped. "There."

The intern inspected them. "Naw. Try again."

Twice again I tried but failed to satisfy him.

"Once more," he announced. "If you miss it this time, no business."

Desperately I sawed away at the cords and, finally, announced I could do no more.

At the other end of the box the intern grunted, "You're okay."

I followed him from the room, realizing that I had passed the last of the tests. My

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stomach grew colder and more hollow. I was the only candidate to get by. As I stumbled out into the bright sunshine, my eyes almost sightless from a last-minute injection of atropine, my hand closed about an order in my pocket. I was authorized to enlist as a flying cadet.

A fortnight later I held my right hand up before a recruiting officer and swore to be a soldier of the United States Army for three years, unless honorably discharged therefrom before that time. As I put my hand down, I had my fingerprints smeared across a pad, felt a ticket thrust into the dirty palm, and received a smart slap on the back: "Good luck, boy. You're the first to go from these parts in some time. I hope you make good."

'West Point of the Air'

When I rattled across the flat prairie lands of the Middle West, on my way to Texas via the "Katy" Railroad, the moon was fat and yellow behind the observation car. By the time I got to San Antonio and Randolph Field, it was gaping at the side. When I first met Mac, it was a slender peeling hung in the sky.

Mac was a dark, shoulder-heavy professional football player who could drink incredible quantities of hard liquor. Whisky, corn, gin — these had no effect on him. His speech was unclogged, his walk was arrow-straight, his demeanor impeccable. His only shortcoming when drunk was one I suspected he assumed: a loss of memory. Woe to the person who lent Mac money in his cups! The next day my roommate would disclaim any knowledge of it. But this difficulty could be avoided by inserting IOU's in his pocket each time he borrowed. Finding them the next day, Mac would solemnly pay up.

But, though quarts of Bourbon and mountain dew left him untouched, beer was his nemesis. Three bottles, and he was out. He went on periodic beer binges with the cadet next door — Paul Backin, a onetime heavyweight wrestler — and invariably came home on a shutter.

Eighteen miles outside San Antonio, the Randolph Post was one of the biggest and best-developed airfields in the world. Its hub was formed by the administration buildings and the officers' homes. At each side were the "flying lines," backed by hangars. At the rear of the field were the cadets' quarters; and behind the hangars were the barracks of the enlisted men.

Completed recently, Randolph Field was a luxurious post by army standards. In a siroccoish temperature that never varied from ninety-six degrees by day to seventy degrees by night, life went on comfortably. Outdoor swimming pools abounded, lit by underwater spotlights, built of tinted tile. A movie palace, well-stocked post stores, athletic facilities, and patios to cool the heated brows of enlisted men and officers made life easier than I had expected. The great barracks were new and airy. The food was varied and sumptuous; steak, ice cream, salads, and the like were served four times a day.

But with the physical comforts the paradise ended. The reverse side of air-corps existence was a schedule that outbrazened the notorious grind of West Point. For the "West Point of the air" prided itself on its "iron-ass misters." Divided into two companies, according to height — the "Sand-blowers" and the "High-pockets" — the cadets took a routine going over that dented the best of us. Mac and I accepted it after a while, but we never got really used to it.

Routed out by moonlight at five in the morning, men sometimes keeled over in ranks because of exhaustion that had had no time to wear itself out in sleep. Mac himself succumbed one morning. In the middle of calisthenics, I heard a plop down the line and flicked my eyes sideways long enough to see three huskies carrying him to the hospital. All I got was a bawling out for looking aside, but Mac had to nurse a skinned face.

Ten minutes was allotted each room for cleaning, making beds, and polishing up for inspection. For good measure, shaving, washing, and toothbrushing had to be done within the same time limit.

Mac and I soon learned the tricks.

Dirt was brushed temporarily under our desks, and the odd, unpolishable bits of brass went into our laundry bags — the cadet's holy of holies wherein no officer, by an unwritten law, may peek.

We slept in our underwear, carefully laying out our fatigue overalls at the bedside so that we could jump into them in a single motion. And we slept on top of our beds. Thus we could make them in a split second by merely tucking

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the sheets tighter beneath the mattress. (The army test of a good bed is to snap a finger against the top blanket. It must be tight as a snare drum.)

While one shaved, the other swept furiously and tidied up. Then we wiped out the bowl — a single drop of water in the drain gave the offender two "gigs," or demerits (a hundred expel you from the corps) — and dusted the ventilator. A speck of dust on the latter — God knew why — was equivalent to striking an officer in the face.

Finally, grasping the brass doorknobs carefully through handkerchiefs, not with bare hands, we ran "on the hop" to our session of setting-up.

After inspection came a slight rest, breakfast, and classes. From eight-thirty to eleven, we learned how to fold parachutes (I don't know of a single cadet who can still do this), the theory of aeronautics, and "buzzer." This last was taken seriously. Hours went by with the earphone and key, for the Morse code is a fundamental of army service in the air.

Afternoons were spent cleaning and shouldering eight-and-a-quarter-pound lumps of iron and wood, called by army courtesy "Rock Island Rifles." Depending on how good or how "raunchy" we were, we drilled from one to three hours in the torrid heat, until every sun ray was a spear piercing the flat tops of our parade hats and sweat dripped from our fingers' ends in steady streams. Drill for the most part was directed by West Point shavetails, newly graduated, who had little love for us. Marching counts were raised to impossible heights, and each mistake was penalized by gigs or detail work.

Subsequently we were treated to more calisthenics, swimming, or games; then rest, supper, and study until nine-o'clock taps.

WINGS

ALL THIS PHYSICAL MAKE-READY went to prepare us for daily periods in the air — but, when we found ourselves there, mental preparation for it had been skipped.

Flying time came at different hours, lengthening as we progressed. Sometimes it was arranged for morning, sometimes at night, rarely in the afternoon.

We lived for those hours, though somehow we dreaded them. We loved flying, but our introduction to it was too sudden. We had no time to acclimate ourselves.

Taken up and put through elementary maneuvers of turn, glide, and climb the first day, we scrambled down from the PT3's gargling our hearts.

The transition from army stiffness to the necessities of relaxed flying was almost impossible to achieve; if there was any carry-over from the flying line to the parade ground, we were tongue-lashed in public. If we failed to loosen up in handling the stick, we were carefully vivisected by our instructors for endangering their lives and our own. The best way to get by, we found, was to numb our mental reactions and try to trust to the physical.

Short hops and solos came in jig time — in three or four hours. Aeronautics that ripped your stomach loose came immediately after — sometimes before — the solos.

"God!" said a fellow cadet to me shakily as we left the field one day. "I did my first Immelmann. I'll never be able to stand it!" I looked down and saw his knees literally knocking together.

Mac and I used to sit and talk about how this squeezing of years of air training into a few weeks was wrecking our nervous systems. Sitting in our barracks room, lights turned out, heels up on the desk, we watched the moon and told each other how we would get out of this business before we went nuts. But one night I found he didn't mean it.

"This is a lousy life," I had said to him, puffing out a cloud of smoke.

"Sure is," mumbled Mac.

"We're going to get out of it and go someplace where we can have a good time." Mac didn't answer.

"Aren't we?" I persisted.

"Naw," said Mac sheepishly. "You go ahead and get out. You can do other things. This hole ain't no place for you. But me — me, I'm different. I'm stuck. This is the only job for me. If I couldn't fly, I don't know what I'd do. Be a drunken bum or die is about all, I guess."

Mac isn't dead — not yet at any rate. He's still flying above the fields, watching the shadow of his plane flitting across the checkerboard of the world, feeling the coolness of a cloud or the dizzy swing of a spin.

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But most of the other friends I knew in the early stages at Randolph are dead.

This is in part their own fault. No doubt of that. But there's even less doubt that only the lucky as well as the skillful survive the army workout.

Physically, the men who go down to Texas to learn the ways of the sky are perfect. A few slip through the bars because of negligent medical examinations, but these are weeded out in due time.

Nevertheless, so much emphasis is laid on the physical needs of the air life that the urgent needs of mental training are forgotten.

The proper mental equipment of embryo flyers in army eyes is simple: pugnaciousness, recklessness, and cockiness. The army reasons that excess ego will be eliminated by the stiff training of barracks and parade ground, plus the hazing of upperclassmen. The rest will remain to sustain the youngster's self-confidence in the air.

But barracks bullying does not always bring the expected results.

One of my friends, a blond giant renowned as a lady-killer, demonstrated his supreme self-confidence by trying barrel rolls at five hundred feet over his home town. They gave him a great funeral.

Another, a not dissimilar type, used to indulge in the pleasant pastime of "road hopping." This, in Texas, consists in picking out a level stretch of straight road occupied by a lone auto. The playful cadet bounces on his landing wheels behind it, leapfrogs over, hits again just in front, and zooms away, leaving the driver in a paralytic state of fright, if still on the road. It's against rules, of course, but it's regarded as good clean fun. Baldy did it at too slow a speed and got six lines in the obituary section of the newspapers.

Another, trying some fancy stunting at low altitude, tangled with the top of a tree and came out second best.

Still another tore a wing off his ship attempting a forbidden outside loop and caught his parachute in the tail skid. He finally got free — too late. He dug a two-foot hole in a field.

A particularly nice kid, who hadn't even soloed, went up in traffic with his instructor. Handling the controls, he turned round to make a wisecrack about how easy it was — and crashed into another ship. The morgue had three more visitors.

Hiding Fear

So much for the fate of those men who are genuine daredevils. They crack up in the end because the army knows no way to eradicate their recklessness.

Most "dodoes," however, are like Miller. They're scared to death and put up a stiff front of pseudodaring. All look for relief from the fear that gnaws them and all settle on either women or liquor, often both. Here each hopes to find a few minutes' respite from the suspicion that one day his hand won't be quite steady enough to bring his ship safely back to earth and that death will clamber into the cockpit with him. They're all young and they're scared. They don't want to die and they don't want to give up flying. "No youth ever thinks he will die" wasn't written about an air-corps dodo. They've good imaginations and they haunt themselves with them.

If the air is ultimately to be safe — if America is to have a mentally assured and dependable air reserve in case of war, two remedies must be applied.

The brash recklessness of the few fortunately endowed flyers must be tempered into caution. They must learn the spirit of the old hands before it is too late. The rush and hurry of air training are the main reasons why flying is a young man's game.

For the majority, there must be a second and different solution. Their involuntary cowardice must be changed into understanding — not by the brusque army sink-or-swim methods but by gradual adaptation. For this is the reservoir from which the fliers of the future will be drawn.

It appalls me to think that, under our expanded armaments program, greatly augmented crowds of young men are going to be trained under the old Randolph Field methods. Until these are modified, Uncle Sam's fledglings must remain as they are — no eaglets, most of them, but clay pigeons, launched to be blasted down by their own romanticism, grounded by their secret fears.

Next month: 'Planning for Better Wars'

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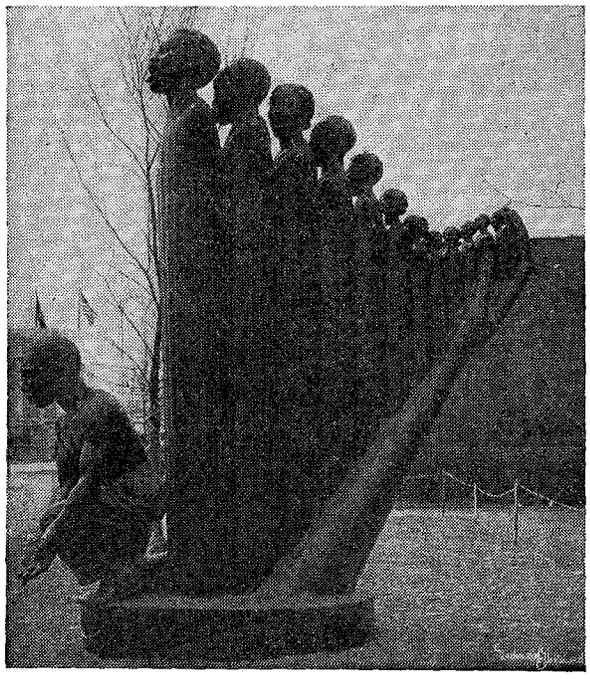
The Artist's Point of View

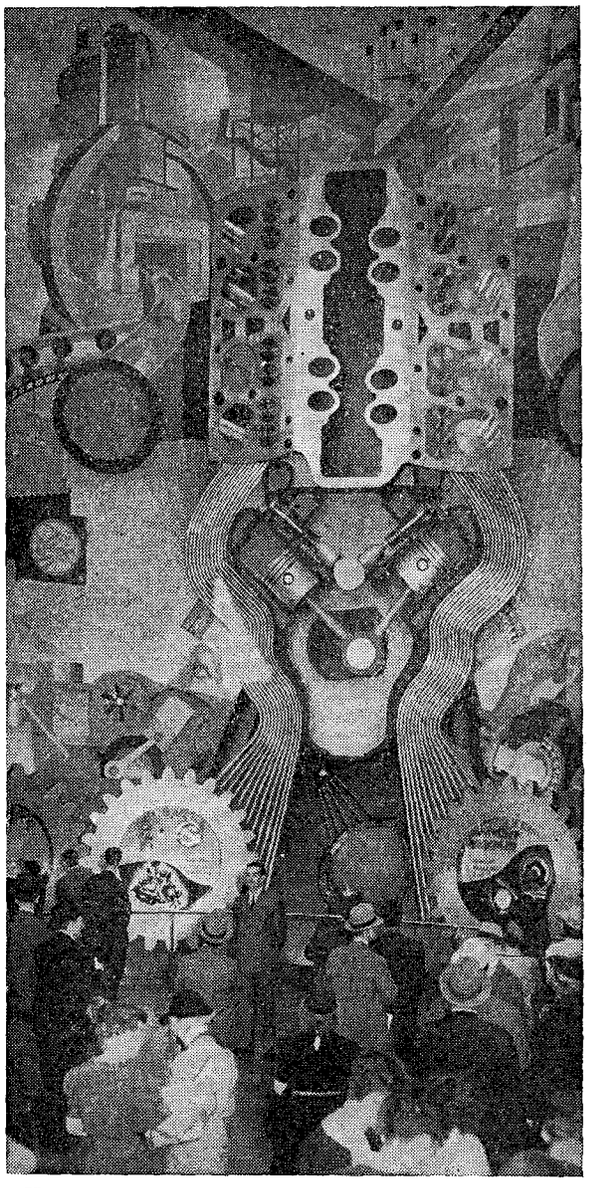
New York World's Fair— World of Yesterday, Today, or Tomorrow?

THE WORLD'S FAIR *in toto* is a work of art which better represents the World of Tomorrow than do all but a few of the murals and sculptures. The evidence includes the adventurous atmosphere of the whole; the Perisphere and Trylon; walls, buildings, and pylons designed for their stimulating effect on the eye; the night painting of trees, Perisphere, and buildings with colored light; the fountain of light, water, flame, and fireworks — a magnificent creation; the gardens and landscaping (thanks to Robert Moses); the act of calling in artists to create murals and sculptures which are or should be the focal points of the total conception. The Board of Design earns credit for this total conception and blame for the letdown, at the focal points, of many mediocre murals and sculptures.

The greatest creation on the grounds is undoubtedly the entire General Motors exhibit (designed by Norman Bel Geddes, artist-architect). Here is design of the future on many fronts. Here is that rarest of rare events — a genuinely creative artist given money and power to use his vision to the full.



OF ALL TIME. "The Harp," by Augusta Savage, Negro sculptress. This is probably the most original and authentic sculptural creation at the Fair. It roots in deeply felt life experience. The conception came to Miss Savage in a flash of inspiration as the words of the Negro anthem, "Lift Every Voice and Sing," by James Weldon Johnson, ran through her mind. The huge arm of the sounding board symbolizes the Creator. The singing heads are the voice of the Negro people.



TOMORROW. The Mobile Mural, by Henry Billings, for the Ford Motor Company. Here again the honors to big business for the commissioning of a genuine artist and the resulting achievement of something new under the sun — the first "activated" mural in existence. Symbolism is carried over from the abstract to the real. The whole is eminently appropriate as the dramatic introduction to the display of motors and machines.

RALPH M. PEARSON

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A Page for Poets

Conducted by Henry Goddard Leach

Former President, Poetry Society of America

B—Poetry of Distinction

SONNETS AND VERSE, by Hilaire Belloc (Sheed & Ward, $2.50). An enlarged edition by this very Catholic but audacious master of prose and verse.

COLLECTED POEMS OF ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN (Macmillan, $3.00). This sturdy poet of the New England countryside is true to one of his definitions of poetry — "the art of making people feel well about life."

THE FAMILY REUNION, by T. S. Eliot (Harcourt, Brace, $1.50). Greek drama — chorus and all — in a modern British manor setting.

CORN, by Paul Engle (Doubleday, Doran, $2.00). Soar with Paul Engle if you want to be an old-fashioned imaginative American.

POEMS, by Helen Foley (Macmillan, $2.00). The chaste posthumous verse of a gifted child.

COLLECTED POEMS, by Robert Graves (Random, $2.50). A metallic intellect shimmering in verse.

BALLADS OF OLD NEW YORK, by Arthur Guiterman (Dutton, $2.00). A revised edition by our master of humorous verse.

IN TIME OF MISTRUST, by Robert Silliman Hillyer (Harvard, $1.50). A noble ode of hope for the return of the spirit to mankind out of the present despair of money and steel.

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF EZRA POUND (Liveright, $3.50). Never since the Greeks have bitterness and beauty made a more poignant blend than in Ezra Pound. He was misborn; he should have been a Chinese poet, as he is best read in his fragments. In his longer poems and memorabilia he steps over into madness.

IN AMERICAN, by John V. A. Weaver (Knopf, $3.50). The late John Weaver is to verse what O. Henry is to the short story. It was H. L. Mencken who set Johnny to writing in the "American language." Mr. Mencken calls his verse the "Vulgate of poor and hopeless folk, and yet folk who can feel."

C—Verse of Merit

MORE GREEN FINGERS, by Reginald Arkell (Dodd, Mead, $1.75). Jolly garden rhymes.

CENTURION, by Edwin McNeill Poteat (Harper, $2.00). A strong narrative in verse of the days of Jesus and Rome.

FROM THE FOUR WINDS (Spirit, $1.00). These poems are selected from *Spirit*, the magazine of the Catholic Poetry Society. That means conscientious editing.

INTERPRETERS, by John Curtis Underwood (Putnam, $2.00). Sober sense in hopeful verse.

D—Verse of Originality

AROUND MY HOME, by Bertha Miller Collins (Driftwind). Terse, sincere fragments of Vermont.

AUGUST NIGHT, by Russell G. Pruden (Jones, $1.50). Shakespeare in New England. Two British chronicle plays.

MEN IN PROCESSION, by Adele Kelley Thompson (Putnam, $2.00). Pleasant verse but much overrated by the critics.

Other Titles

FAREWELL TO PARADISE!, by Alfred Bragg (Valery). MY HEART GOES HOME, by Mrs. Alfred Chittenden (Putnam, $2.00). A TRIBUTE TO HAZEL HALL, by Viola Price Franklin (Caxton, $2.50). FIVE YELLOW CANDLES, by Willian Herschel Hughes (Bar D). BACK TO THE NAMELESS ONE, by Frederick Kettner (Poets, $2.00). CAMELIAS AND BLACK LAUGHTER, by Margaret Lathrop Law (Poetry Publishers). MY OTHER SELF IN WINE AND TRUTH, by Tillit Mannam (Humphries, $1.25). THE FOUNTAIN OF MAGIC, by Frank O'Connor (Macmillan, $1.50). RHYMER BY CHANCE, by Card M. Ritchie (Humphries, $2.00). LAMENT FOR THE STOLEN, by Katherine Garrison Chapin (Centaur) — perhaps the noblest choral American poetry has produced. LYRIC MONROE, compiled by Charles Granville Hamilton (American). GLASS FLOWERS, by Donald Parson (Luce, $1.25). WHEN INCENSE BURNS, by Anita Petrucci (Humphries, $2.00). POEMS OF SOVIET UKRAINE, by Volodymir Sosyura (Trommer, $0.25). TRAVELERS OF THE NIGHT, by Richard Leon Spain (Bar D, $0.15). THE CLOAK AND THE FLOWER, by Joan Vatsek (Pegasus, $1.50). HIGHWAYS TO HAPPINESS, by Alfred Grant Walton (Harper, $0.75). THIS SIDE OF BABYLON, by James E. Warren, Jr. (Banner, $1.50).

Books About Verse

MODERN POETRY, by Louis MacNeice (Oxford, $3.00). A mature discussion of the art of verse.

Translations

THE ANTIGONE OF SOPHOCLES, English version by Dudley Fitts & Robert Fitzgerald (Harcourt, Brace, $1.50). We believe that in this rendering the *Antigone* has been made more contemporary and more credible than ever before.

Wooing the Muse

Banished Muse, wounded Muse, be you once more mine,
With all your stars upon you, and in your raiment fine!
Come down my stricken Wonder from the turrets of the Blest,
And walk with me in samite, by every eye caressed.

For bards will sing in crimson when they read your forehead's scars,
And dull coats flutter silver by the pure light of your stars;
Bare legs will ache for dresses that are tailored in the sky,
And cropped heads dream of tresses where angel-streamers fly.

We are very far from loveliness, and see no sun of late;
The moon's a blunted sickle and a bone on Heaven's Gate.
Dark winds are blowing drearily across the ravin'd blue;
And I am watching wearily, and waiting here for you.

Come down my battered Glory with your sword and victory balm,
Your nightingales and thrushes and thunder-light and calm!
Come down, my Flower of Lasses! Come! And be once more my own!
Though I've little of life to give you since they spurned you to God's Throne.

I have only wilted roses for your white and wounded brow,
And a wreath my hand disposes from the bitter cypress bough.
But walk with me in samite ere the world smokes to its rest,
And I will give in music, though I die upon your breast.

Herbert Palmer

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TOASTS

WILLIAM HARD, nationally known political writer and commentator, has been working for some time gathering material for a book on democracy, a social rather than a political study. He lives in Washington, D. C.

SANTA ADAMS, a native of Pittsburgh who spent the early years of her life in southern Florida, says her article, "Advice Is Nix," accurately describes her life during her marriage and widowhood. She now makes her living by free-lance writing, dreams, she admits, of one day writing the Great American Novel.

GREER WILLIAMS, now twenty-nine years old, has been working on newspapers here and there since he was seventeen. Four years ago he left Detroit, his birthplace, and went to work in Chicago, where he now writes Sunday features for the *Tribune*.

EDWARD R. SCHAUFFLER was Sunday Editor of the *Kansas City Star* before the World War, left his profession in 1915 to join the army, and returned to newspaper work after the war, serving the Associated Press, the *New Orleans Item*, and the *Kansas City Journal-Post*. For the last four years he has been free-lancing.

CLARENCE K. STREIT has been a European correspondent for American newspapers in a score of countries. For ten years Geneva correspondent of the *New York Times*, he was transferred last winter to the *Times's* Washington staff; but demands on his time since publication of *Union Now* (in March) have led to his taking a year's leave of absence to devote himself entirely to this proposal.

QUINCY HOWE, onetime Editor of *The Living Age* and now head of the editorial department of Simon and Schuster, New York publishing firm, is the author of *Blood Is Cheaper Than Water* — just published — and *England Expects Every American To Do His Duty* — published in 1937.

SHAILER U. LAWTON, born a New Englander, is a doctor associated with the New York Post Graduate Hospital. He is also Associate Professor of Education at New York University.

ROBERT R. MULLEN is the thirty-year-old Assistant City Editor of the *Christian Science Monitor* in Boston. He has rather free rein for roving assignments in New England. His newspaper career began, in traditional fashion, as night police reporter in Denver.

RICHARD G. HUBLER is a graduate of Swarthmore College. After his discharge from the army air corps he became a New York newspaperman. He has done feature writing for *Cavalcade* and is now an Assistant Editor of National Affairs for *Newsweek*.

Forum Quiz Answers

1. (*b*) *Candide* [in *Candide*, by Voltaire]
2. (*c*) "*Musta been a glacier 'round here.*" [Def.: debris of earth and rocks collected in ridges or heaps by a glacier on its surface, along margins, or on the ground at its foot. Common in U. S.]
3. (*a*) *the shaft of air created by the propeller*
4. (*c*) *a strait between the Black Sea and Sea of Marmora*
5. (*b*) *Maude Slye* [able cancer research worker. Others in radio.]
6. (*b*) "*Hmm — remarkable lights and shadows.*" [Def: distribution of lights and shadows. Also occasionally used to denote black-and-white or brown-and-white pictures.]
7. (*b*) *Leviticus*
8. *surveilance* [should be surveillance. Sternum: breastbone.]
9. (*e*) *Joe DiMaggio* [of New York Yankees.]
10. (*a*) *George C. Marshall* [New Chief of Staff, who is succeeding Gen. Malin Craig.]
11. (*b*) *La Perricholi* [Featured in *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, by Thornton Wilder.]
12. (*b*) *Shelley wrote* Childe Harold's Pilgrimage [Not Shelley: Byron.]
13. (*a*) *Herbert Asbury*
14. (*d*) *add a mosquito fleet of small torpedo boats*
15. (*d*) *Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings* [From *The Yearling*, Pulitzer Prize winner.]
16. (*a*) *the Workers' Alliance* [headed by David Lasser.]
17. (*a*) *Franz von Papen* [He plotted in this country during the World War; in Germany against the Republic; in Austria before *Anschluss*. He is, ominously, the new German envoy to Turkey.]
18. (*c*) *Boys' Town* [In Nebraska. Subject of recent film with Spencer Tracy.]
19. (*a*) *Russia lost ⅓ of her population, farm lands* [Most of it she had formerly grabbed from Poland, which was "partitioned" out of existence by Russia, Germany, Austria a century before.]
20. *railery* [Should be raillery.]
21. (*d*) *John Steinbeck*
22. (*b*) *religion*
23. (*c*) *even the oysters are not without romance; they fall in love, mate, and have babies* [in short, they spawn.]
24. (*c*) *Harold Vanderbilt*
25. (*c*) *Listerine*
26. (*a*) *a French word for duck* or (*b*) *a fabricated story* or (*e*) *a sugar lump dipped in brandy* [(*c*) *and* (*d*) *are incorrect.*]
27. (*b*) *the Incas*
28. (*e*) *Melchior*
29. (*a*) *the absence of new financing* [New business is not being promoted, enough new companies organized, or factories built.]
30. (*a*) *The Great Train Robbery* [1903]
31. (*a*) *Omar Khayyam* [From Quatrain 13 of the Rubaiyat, which reads:

Some for the Glories of This World; and some
Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come;
Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant drum!]

32. (*b*) *Alcock & Brown* or (*d*) *naval seaplane NC4* [Alcock & Brown flew from Newfoundland to Ireland less than a month after the *NC4* flew from Newfoundland to the Azores — which might not be considered a complete transatlantic passage.]
33. (*b*) *Rimski-Korsakov*
34. (*b*) *The overcast is close to the earth.*
35. (*c*) *tennis*
36. (*a*) *xylophone, cymbals, castanets*
37. (*c*) *Methodists* [M. E. Church South, M. E. Church North, Methodist Protestant Episcopal Church merged. Now total 8,000,000 members.]
38. (*c*) *walk, trot, canter*
39. (*b*) *The oldest champagne is best.* [Incorrect. Most good champagnes go flat after 15 to 20 years.]
40. (*a*) *In winter, lakes freeze from the top down.* [If you absolutely insist that answer (*e*) is correct, okay. There must be *some* explanation.]

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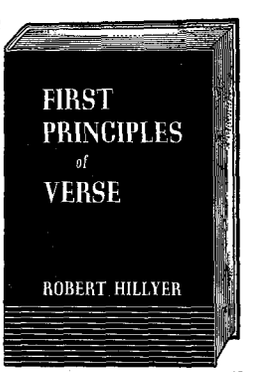

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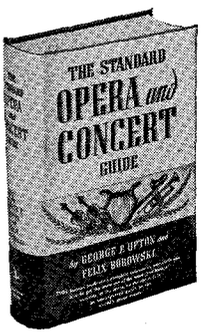

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THE RECORD REVIEW

BEETHOVEN: SYMPHONY NO. 1 IN C MAJOR & BRAHMS: TRAGIC OVERTURE. Arturo Toscanini & B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra (Victor M, AM 507; 5 records, $10.00).

COLUMBIA HISTORY OF MUSIC, *vol 5.* (Columbia 361; 8 10″ records, $8.00).

NEGRO SINFUL SONGS. Sung by Lead Belly (Musicraft 31; 5 10″ records, $5.00).

HAYDN: SYMPHONY NO. 94 IN G MAJOR ('SURPRISE'). Howard Barlow & Columbia Symphony Orchestra (Columbia 361; 3 records, $5.00).

SCHUMANN: SONATA IN A MINOR, *op. 105.* Adolph Busch, violin, & Rudolph Serkin, piano (Victor M 551; 2 records, $4.50).

FRANÇAIX: TRIO IN C MAJOR. Pasquier String Trio (Columbia X-130; 2 records, $3.50).

UNUSUAL JAZZ (Vocalion; 3 records, $1.00).

PROGRAM building in the issuing of records is likely to be a hazardous adventure, as the success of the operation depends on the vagaries of human taste. In releasing a single work, the issuing company knows that the market will be divided into those who like the particular work and those who do not. But when two works are combined there is the added complication that some potential purchasers of one work will be repelled by the other, thus further limiting the size of the market. The impracticality of such a set as the Beethoven First Symphony and the Brahms "Tragic" Overture, ought to be fairly obvious.

Aside from such considerations, the performances have the customary Toscanini virtues and mannerisms. There is the articulate, precise phrasing, the incisive rhythmic pattern, the continuous flow of melodic lines, the expert balance, and the highly polished finish. And there is likewise the occasional overemphasis on detail and façade.

The orchestra is no match for our leading American orchestras, nor is the recording as high powered as some of those cut domestically. But, for the followers of the Toscanini legend, here is a document. At frequent intervals the Maestro's impassioned humming rises above the surging orchestra.

AFTER a lapse of considerable time, Columbia has issued the fifth of its excellent volumes comprising the Columbia History of Music. The present volume, concerned with contemporary music, contains representative samples of the leading cults from the post-romanticism of Elgar through the twelve-tone treatment of Haba. Under the able editorship of Dr. Percy A. Scholes, the volume contains music by Strauss, Mahler, Debussy, Ravel, Schoenberg, Bax, Vaughan Williams, de Falla, Bartok, Milhaud, Stravinski, Casella, Hindemith, and Varese, in addition to the two composers mentioned above. In some cases the samples are excerpts from larger works.

In the main, the performances are of high excellence, and are matched by recordings that are equally fine. One would say that the volume helps incalculably to familiarize the listener with new music.

But at the same time certain doubts come to mind. Why, for instance, in so necessarily a selective collection are there three English composers? Why is there no American-born composer? (The nearest is Varese, who is a naturalized citizen.) Why are Sibelius, Prokokieff, Reger, and Bloch excluded? It is realized that the volume cannot be all inclusive and must have some limitations. Yet I question whether the selection is the best that Dr. Scholes might have made.

HUDDIE Ledbetter, better known as Lead Belly, is a romantic, notorious figure. Twice arrested for capital crimes, he won his freedom by song on the ground that an artist of his caliber must not be denied to society. The propriety of such reasoning will not be considered here. As an artist, Lead Belly is unique.

Lead Belly is the living example of the Negro's contribution to jazz. His songs, essentially an expression of his reactions to specific experiences, are blues, ragtime, and hot. Each song with roots deep in the folk element has a free, improvisational character that goes hand in hand with hot jazz. The collection of Frankie and Albert, Work Songs, Hollers, Fannin Street, Boll Weevil, De Kalb Blues, Gallis Pole, Bourgeois Blues, and Sukey Jamp Tunes provides a random sample of what this hot jazz is like in its rhythmic patterns and poignant expressiveness. It is Negro music at its best.

Some of the songs are lewd, having originated in honky-tonks, barrel houses, and saloons. Some songs are blues, expressions of chagrin. Others are recollections merely to provide a background for work such as cotton picking or wood chopping. But all the songs have a deep fascination for one who is sensitive to naturalness. This is simple music, close to the problems of the race; and through its simplicity one senses the entire psychology of the Negroes. The Sinful Songs, superbly recorded, are a rare adjunct to recorded music.

A HAYDN "Surprise" Symphony has been needed in an up-to-date recording for some time. But the present set does

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not quite fill the requirements. It contains competent playing by the Columbia Symphony Orchestra and a passable interpretation by Mr. Barlow. Yet, in this day of competition, these qualities are insufficient. Compared with a performance that might have been made by, say, Beecham, this one is routine. Technically, however, the records are superb.

A PERFORMANCE can often make inferior music sound better than it is. How true this is when Busch and Serkin play a second-rate work such as the Schumann Sonata! The work inherently is characterless and sentimental, decorative but unchallenging. But, when projected by the hands of Busch and Serkin, the unsavory attributes are concealed beneath the magnificent performance; and in this case one actually overlooks the insipid subject in the face of the masterly treatment. True, there must be a musical score for performance, but the marvel is that these musicians can take an ordinary sonata and make the listener want to hear it again and again. The mechanical end of the set is as bright as the performance.

FRANÇAIX composed this Trio in 1933; and for a young man with great originality this work seems too reminiscent of his predecessors. The first movement has many Ravelisms, and the slow movement contains much of Satie's neomodalism, with its parallel fifths. Still, the music is capricious, witty, and indeed fresh. There is the same impishness which characterized Françaix's delicious piano concertino. There are the quick, mischievous scherzo and the prancing finale. All things considered, our musical experience is much richer for having this Trio on records, especially since the Pasquier Trio captures the delicacy and breathlessness of the work and since the recording is so clear and full.

ON the popular music front, occasionally certain hot records appear which should be mentioned because they reflect so important a part of our American culture. Recently John Hammond, the young authority on hot music, found three pianists whose style, because of its great momentum derived from a continued bass, is called "boogie-woogie." The three pianists — Meade Lux Lewis, Pete Johnson, and Albert Ammons — have recorded six sides for Vocalion which demonstrate their highly original, improvisational art. The three fantasies that emerge over the bass are richly melodic and incisively rhythmic.

ARTHUR WALLACE HEPNER

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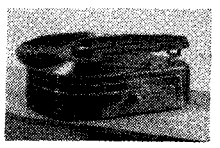

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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in THE FORUM. *Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.*

A CORRECTION

In Ralph M. Pearson's "The Artist's Point of View" for June, a World's Fair sculpture called "The Crest," by Brenda Putnam, was erroneously credited to Malvina Hoffman. THE FORUM *and Mr. Pearson regret the error, which was the result of a mislabeled publicity photograph.*

ANTI-SEMITISM

To the Editor:

. . . I have just turned the article ["Why Hate the Jews?" by Struthers Burt, June FORUM] over to our Managing Editor, Mr. Harry Rogoff, who will publicize its contents in *The Forward*, with due credit to your worthy publication.

To my great regret, however, I was not moved by Mr. Burt's reference to the campaign carried on against the Roman Catholic Church by the same self-styled "patriots" who are making the Jews their chief scapegoat. Not because the persecution of groups other than Jewish does not concern me. On the contrary I loathe every kind of persecution and rabble-rousing. . . .

But while I am no longer surprised at the part played by the R. C. Church in various acts against the people who have given to the world that divine figure called Christ; while I have ceased to wonder how it is that the Faith founded by that loving Jew has been so shockingly distorted since Calvary that devilish Churchmen are still quoting the Scriptures ("Money Changers" etc.) to arouse a vast, strong majority against a small, weak minority (not to mention the violence used so often in the past to enforce that very religion of love —); while, I say, that personally I am no longer surprised by this and other anti-Christian practices of so-called "Christians" through the centuries, I cannot suppress my resentment at the leaders of the R. C. Church for permitting a man like Coughlin, for instance, to carry on his lying campaign against the Jews. Incidentally, isn't lying considered sinful by the Church fathers? Or do they, like the Communist agitators, believe that the end justifies and sanctifies the means? What, then, is the end, the objective of the Catholic Church with regard to the defenseless Jews? . . .

Why is it impossible for Pope Pius to come out openly against the dissemination of anti-Jewish propaganda at this crucial time in the history of the Jews?

. . . . . .

Maurice Winograd
Jewish Daily Forward
New York, N. Y.

Two recent witnesses before the Dies committee offer below some comments on Struthers Burt's FORUM *articles — comments which the Editors regret they have not the space to publish in full.*

To the Editor:

. . . . . .

. . . What good is it . . . to fear the discussion of a subject that is being talked about more — underground — than any current topic?

. . . . . .

To enter into hysterical denial of all charges against the Jew is no proof that the charges, in part at least, are not true. The wholesale denial has not stopped this drive against the Jew and the proof of that is that during the past few years when those tactics have been used — anti-Semitism in America has increased, and is increasing by leaps and bounds. It will continue to increase simply because the "bootleg" discussion of a subject that is feared by the press appeals to the mass mind.

In no single case to my knowledge, since America has become Jew conscious, has the real case of organized opposition to the Jew in political and economic life of the nation, ever been presented to the reading public. Each editor seems to find it necessary to establish his Liberalism by entering into a bitter and hysterical defense of Jewry. Millions of Americans, unswayed by this hysteria, go quietly about spreading the word by the very same means that were used previous to the breaking out of the revolution of 1776.

Today in the United States, it is stated by Germany and admitted by even the Jews themselves, that there is far more anti-Semitism than existed previous to the rise of Hitler to power. As one familiar with the situation in both nations, I know that to be true. The end result has all the earmarks of making the German situation look like a peaceful parade.

. . . . . .

Having had a part in the opposition to the Jewish power in this country, I probably know as much about the facts as anyone. If you wish to present the other side of the story in an effort to bring it to a sane solution, I will be glad to prepare several articles for you at your regular rates. [*Mr. Deatherage has been invited to submit one such article, which* THE FORUM *will publish (at our regular rates) if it measures up to reasonable editorial standards. Mr. Deatherage, judged by this letter, is unwilling to reveal in advance of such publication what is his case against the Jews; hence* THE FORUM *can promise no more.* — ED.]

Anti-Semitism in America is not based on racial or religious bigotry, but those emotions will be used as long as the press forbids any other method being used. The proof of that is, for every article in a national magazine which attacks Nationalist organizations — our mail increases fifty per cent. You advertise that you present both sides of a question — but — in my opinion this is one that you will dodge.

GEO. A. DEATHERAGE
National Commander
Knights of the White Camellia
St. Albans, W. Va.

To the Editor:

. . . . . .

Mr. Burt makes the analogy of the train as a fair symbol of intelligent democracy. . . .

. . . . . .

But how does the analogy work out when we turn to the government we have witnessed in Washington since 1933? No, for a proper analogy there, we must turn to the trip of the "Titanic" speeding to her doom. The captain was making a record run — all for show and for speed. He was trying out before the world a New Deal named the "Titanic." Fog and icebergs were reported, but the captain did not give a damn. . . .

Then the disaster came. . . . The army of the United States showed up well, as it will in the disaster now definitely facing the nation. . . .

. . . . . .

. . . I entered the military academy at West Point. . . . In that day anything coming from Washington and especially from the Commander in Chief, the President, could not have been less than perfect in my mind. . . . In that day no Rabbi would have dared say to me as one did recently, "General, to me that flag is just a piece of worthless bunting." But what of the scene today as the curtain is being lifted just as it was lifted in Spain? We see unfortunate influences now in control. . . .

. . . . . .

The question is have we the character to turn about and swim upstream, to build up American man-power for the good of America itself with the elimination of the unfit by deportation, sterilization, and the closing of our gates to those whose presence would be against the public interest. . . .

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